# NEVADA

ICD

HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

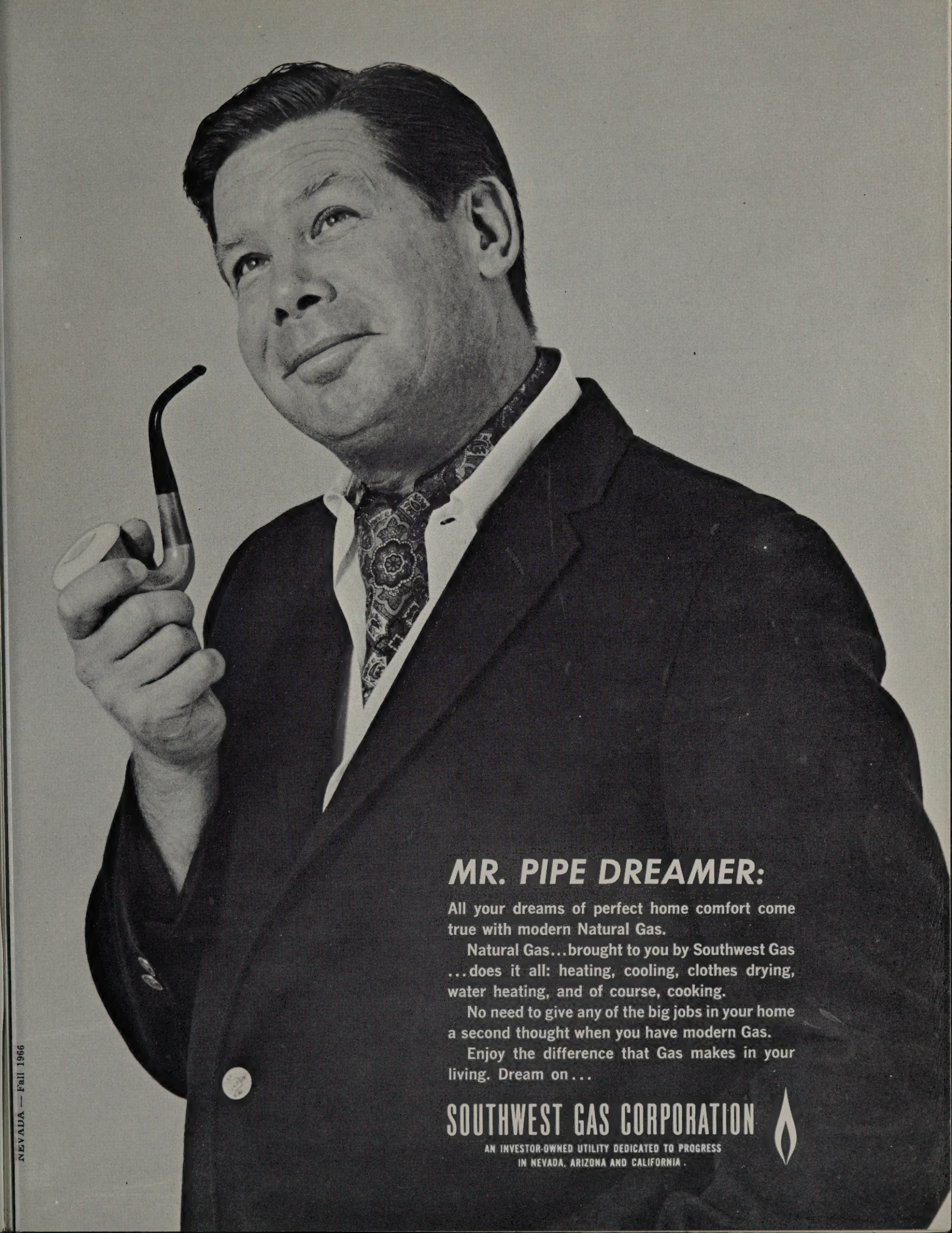
FALL 1966 / 50c

**Movie Stars in Las Vegas** ❋ **The Death Valley Saga** ❋ **Basque Buckaroos!**

# let yourself go!

## to the National Air Races in Reno Sept. 21-25

Nothing surpasses the color, thrills and excitement of the National Air Races. From the classic bi-planes prancing through their daring aerial stunts to the whining of the powerful F-51's as they scream around the unlimited pylon course, the National Air Races offer five days of spellbound aerial thrills. And while you're in Reno you'll enjoy yourself even more when you let yourself go in the never-ending whirl of fun and action at Harolds Club. Three exciting show centers have made Harolds Club one of the largest entertainment palaces in America. In the 7th Floor Fun Room you'll discover a glittering array of some of the brightest stars of show business, while in the intimate atmosphere of the Silver Dollar Room and Arch Lounge you'll enjoy continuous entertainment from dusk 'til dawn. Throughout the year, you'll find more to enjoy at Harolds Club.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# STARS ON THE NEVADA HORIZON

## LAKE TAHOE

**HARRAH'S — South Shore Room:**
Dean Martin, June 9-June 21. Lawrence Welk Show, June 22-July 13. Danny Thomas, July 14-July 27. James Dean, Chuck Cassey Singers, Muppets, July 28-Aug. 10. Sammy Davis, Jr., Aug. 11-Sept. 7. Dinah Shore, Sept. 8-Sept. 21.

**Stateline Lounge:**
Don Cherry, June 2-June 22. Gaylord & Holiday, June 7-June 29. Judy Lynn, June 7-June 22. Headliners, June 17-July 6. Collins Kids, June 23-July 6. Big Beats, June 23-July 13.

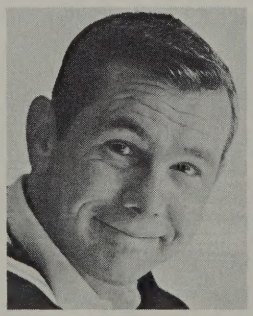
## HARVEY'S RESORT HOTEL

**Top of the Wheel:**
Lenny Herman Orchestra, through August 23.

**Pavilion of Stars:**
Barbara Heller, June 17-June 30. Barbara McNair, July 1-July 14. Shecky Greene, July 15-July 28. Esquivel!, July 29-Sept. 4. Count Basie, July 29-Aug. 11. Rowan & Martin, Aug. 26-Sept. 8. Fats Domino, Sept. 16-Sept. 29.

## SAHARA TAHOE RESORT HOTEL

**High-Sierra Room:**
Henry Mancini and the New Christy Minstrels, June 21-July 11. The Kingston Trio & Jack Durant, July 12-Aug. 1. Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, Aug. 2-Aug. 29. Nancy Wilson, Aug. 30-Sept. 26. The Milton Berle Show, Sept. 27-Oct. 10.



JOHNNY CARSON—*king of the leisurely manner and informal comedy — shares spotlight with January Jane, July 19-Aug. 15 in Las Vegas Sahara's Congo Room.*

## LAS VEGAS

**DESERT INN:**
All New "Hello America!"

**DUNES:**
"Casino de Paris" starring Line Renaud of Paris, produced and directed by Frederic Apcar.

**RIVIERA:**
"Hello Dolly," Betty Grable.

**SAHARA:**
Smothers Bros. and Vikki Carr, June 7-June 20. Liberace, June 21-July 18. Johnny Carson and January Jones, July 19-Aug. 15. Donald O'Connor and Shari Lewis, Aug. 16-Sept. 12. Buddy Hackett and Liza Minnelli, Sept. 13-Oct. 10.

**SANDS — Copa Room:**
Sammy Davis, May 11-June 21. Red Skelton, June 22-July 26. Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme. Joey Bishop, Aug. 24-Sept. 20. Lena Horne, Sept. 21-Oct. 18.

**STARDUST:**
"Le Lido de Paris Revue—Quelle Nuit."

**THUNDERBIRD:**
"Ce Este la Femme"

**TROPICANA:**
"Folies Bergere."

VIKKI CARR—*diminutive dynamo will sing at Harolds Club in Reno, Sept. 6-Sept. 26.*

**FLAMINGO:**
Phyllis Diller and Enzo Stuarti, June 2-June 29. Bobby Darin and Bobby Ramsen, June 30-July 27.

**MINT:**
"Girls Ala Carte"

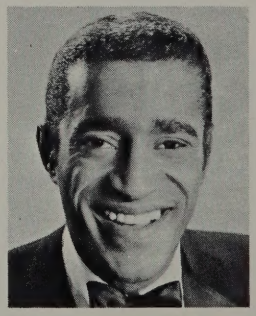
## RENO-SPARKS

**HAROLD'S — Fun Room:**
Vic Damone, July 5-July 25. Dick Shawn, Aug. 16-Sept. 5. Vikki Carr and the Chessmen, Sept. 6-Sept. 26.

**HARRAH'S — Reno Lounge:**
Jack Ross, June 16-July 6. Judy Lynn, June 23-July 13. M-3's, June 23-July 13. Gaylord & Holiday, June 30-July 27. Destiny's, July 7-July 27. Bob Braman, July 14-Aug. 3. Lou Styles, July 14-Aug. 3.

**HOLIDAY:**
Charles Gould & His Satin Strings.

**NUGGET — SPARKS — Circus Room:**
Mills Brothers, Rowan & Martin, June 9-June 29. Phyllis Diller, June 30-July 20. Allen & Rossi, Barbara McNair, July 21-August 3. Pat Boone, Aug. 4-Aug. 24. Al Hirt, Aug. 25-Sept. 7.



SAMMY DAVIS JR.—*frequent headliner in top resorts throughout Nevada, recently won first annual Governor's Trophy, Greater Reno Chamber of Commerce's newest honor to outstanding entertainers of the west. He stars at Sands, Las Vegas, May 11-June 21; at Harrah's South Shore, Lake Tahoe, Aug. 11-Sept. 7.*

# NEVADA

*Fall 1966, Volume 26, Number 3*

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*Front Cover*
Scene from Molly Magee's story *A Day on the Mountains with the Basque Buckaroos,* the action caught in color by Reno artist Craig Sheppard.

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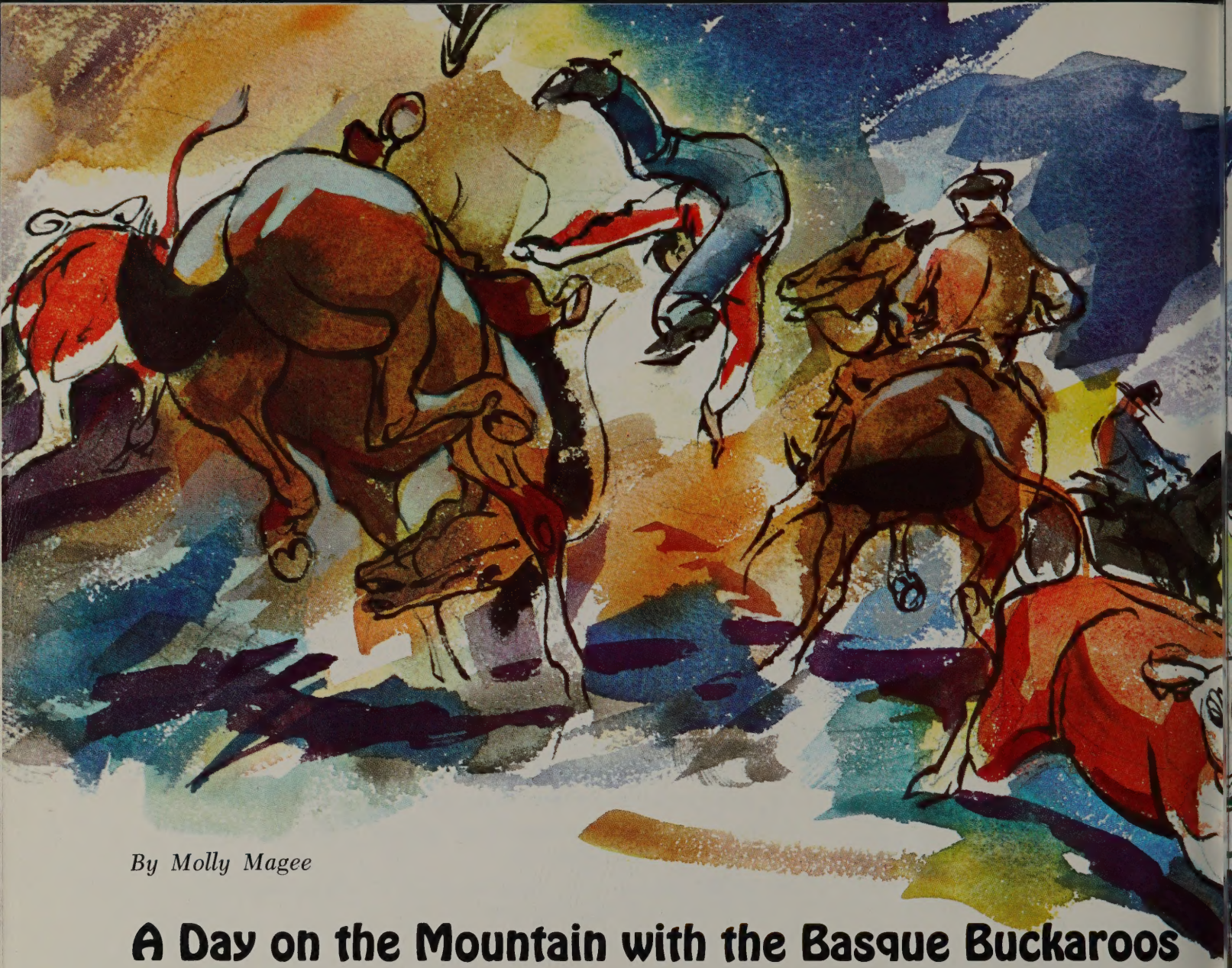


*By Molly Magee*

# A Day on the Mountain with the Basque Buckaroos

When I came as a bride to Central Nevada twenty-four years ago to live on my husband's cattle ranch, I was intrigued to find Basques all over the state. In Nevada there are Basque restaurants, Basque bars, Basque casinos and Basque hotels; there are Basque lawyers, Basque clergy, Basque politicians, Basque university professors, Basque journalists, Basque authors and Basque livestock operators. These ancient and mysterious peoples had fascinated me during my childhood when I visited the Pays Basques, in the Pyrenees Mountains between France and Spain. To find them again was a wonderful surprise.

Traditionally rural Basques are associated with sheep-tending. Not only were there Basque sheep outfits neighboring us, but for several years my husband leased grazing rights on some of his Grass Valley Ranch range to a sheep man, and we were in constant contact with his herders. I speak French, and because many of the young herders were freshly arrived in Nevada from the Old Country and knew no English, I was often called in to act as an interpreter for the French Basques. With the Spanish Basques I was unable to be of assistance as I speak no Spanish.

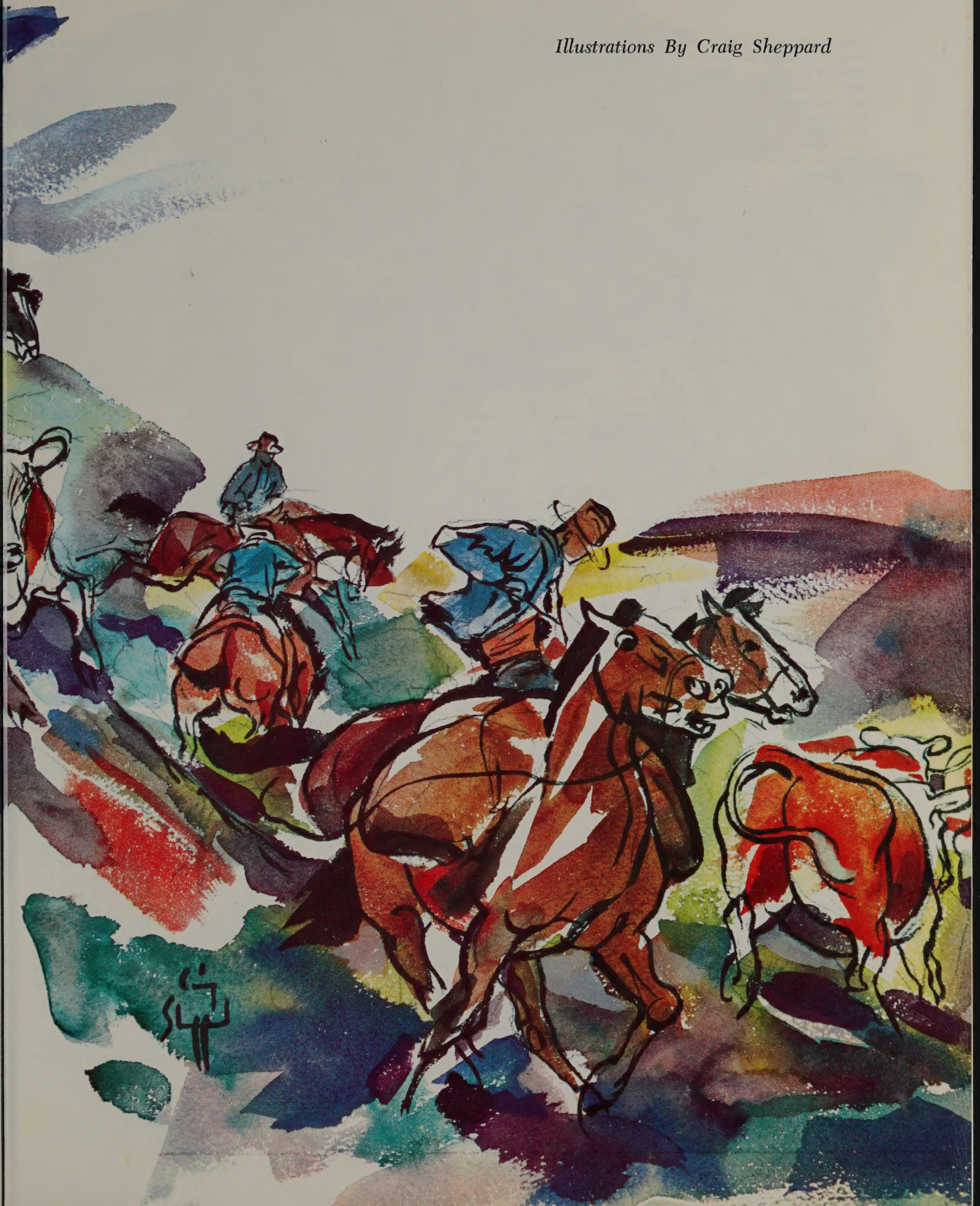
Even more interesting to me than my contact with the Basque shepherds, was to find Basque buckaroos in Nevada. Nothing in the Basque cultural heritage suggests cowboying as a vocation, but circumstances alter cases. Many of the buckaroos on the Central Nevada cattle ranches were Basques. More than with the sheep herders, it was with the buckaroos my associations were closest. And the buckaroos needed no interpreter.

All of them had lived many years in Nevada. They spoke their own oddly accented brand of American, rolling their r's and adding musically unconventional syllables to the language. My ranch work threw me together with them because I too had adapted to life in the Far West and did a good deal of the cowboying with my husband's cattle.

The Basque buckaroos were all fine men. They were loyal, hard working, courageous, lighthearted and kind. I remember every one of them with affection. But I must admit as buckaroos, with one or two exceptions, they were out of their proper element and quite obviously would have been happier afoot than on horseback.

Originally the Basques who worked as buckaroos had come to America to tend sheep. In many instances the rancher for whom they worked was also Basque and had often been instrumental in bringing them to this country. He might even be a close relative or have come from the same small village in the Pyrenees. It was not surprising then that most of these men stayed a lifetime with the same outfit, often on a

*Illustrations By Craig Sheppard*



partnership basis. This was how it came about that when on some ranches cows replaced sheep as a more profitable operation, shepherds were transformed into buckaroos. When this happened, they brought to their new occupation interpretations of the art of cowboying which were uniquely their own.

Cowboying on the Grass Valley Ranch was normally a sedate and uneventful business. But when the Basque buckaroos rode over the mountain from Reese River, the primeval silences of the valley were shattered. The canyons rang and rang again with shouts and imprecations and thundering hoofs that carried undertones of tribal warfare reminiscent of the Battle of Roncevaux.

These Basque rides were an annual event in the years before fences were built by the Bureau of Land Management to divide the ranges and stop the seasonal drift. When there were no fences, there would be a summer-long mingling of herds in the high country, until the golden days of late summer when the cattle grazing in common on the mountains of Central Nevada began to seek the lower levels in anticipation of the dark winter months ahead.

As the cattle started moving out of the mountains, not all the cows would return to their respective home ranges of their own accord. And so it was customary in autumn for the ranchers to send their buckaroos to ride the neighboring ranges and gather their strayed cows.

One day in particular stands out in my memory. It was the last communal ride before the drift fence was built along the top of the Toiyabe Mountains between Reese River and Grass Valley, the last ride before such rides were to become only history. To me this final ride seemed to epitomize everything that was fierce and gay and quixotic about my old friends, the Basque buckaroos.

The buckaroos converged upon Grass Valley on an October evening to camp a few miles above our ranch house in one of our fields which lies beside Skull Creek where huge cottonwoods, covered with leaves like gold medallions, unfurl their branches above the rushing waters.

Some came in high, rickety ranch trucks, bedding and horses piled pell mell in the back, rattling down the Long Ridge from Austin on the dusty Grass Valley road. And the Silver Creek riders, led by Philip Guerrano, packed over the Skull Creek Pass, their driven horses leaving a long, low-hanging dust cloud above the canyon.

Philip usually rode a raw-boned roan gelding and dragged behind him, by means of a rope halter, a rusty black. I suppose the black was intended for use if the roan gave out, which seemed most unlikely for he was lean and iron sinewed as Philip himself.

Between horse and rider existed a distrust born of numerous mutual betrayals. The roan took sardonic delight in waiting for Philip to start to dismount. As Philip cautiously freed his foot from the saddle, the roan would erupt into a series of formidable bucks. Philip would catapult from the saddle to land ignominiously on his head. All of us except Philip found this uproariously funny. But Philip made great efforts to outmaneuver the roan, spurring him into a wide-open gallop, then snatching him up short before he could collect himself to buck. Dismounting was the only time Philip was ever known to go faster than a trot. He trotted his roan from dawn until dark, and then, because he had a complete disregard for time, from dark until dawn.

At the sight of Philip approaching at a purposeful trot, supposedly domesticated cows became imbued with the ferocity of Spanish fighting bulls and the cunning of aurochs. Those cows who failed to charge him head on, took to the hills, lurking in tangles of junipers, and even circling around behind to stalk him warily as he sought to flush them out of hiding.

More than anyone I have known, the sight of Philip on his raw boned roan reminded me of Don Quixote.

When I drove the jeep up to the buckaroo camp at Skull Creek after supper to see if there was anything needed that I could bring to them, the first man to greet me, shouting welcome, was Philip. Beside him stood a little round man, a stranger to me, who looked incredibly like Sancho Panza. He was arrestingly dressed in heavy, grey woolen golf stockings pulled up over the outside of his levi legs, and his beret was jammed down over his ears like a bucket. Philip introduced Sancho Panza as, "My helper, Fermin."

After greeting them and the others, I walked toward the black, patched tents which were humped in a semicircle under the giant trees. Near them, over an open fire, Black Pete was cooking. As I approached he lifted the lid from a cast iron pot, and appetizing smells of simmering mutton stew, garlic, wood smoke and boiling coffee swirled toward me. A round, hard crusted loaf of camp-made sour dough Basque bread lay by the fire alongside a jug of red wine.

"You stay for supper?" Black Pete invited. His invitation pleased me, for I could remember a time when Black Pete would not even ride with me because he considered it unseemly to ride after cattle with a woman. But during the years I was usually the only one riding for Grass Valley Ranch, and if Pete wanted to ride my husband's range he sooner or later was forced to ride with me.

Black Pete used to tell me about those remote, lawless years when he first came to Nevada from the Old Country and went to work herding sheep for the Grass Valley Ranch. Those were the days when twenty two thousand sheep headquartered at Grass Valley and ranged in trespass from the lush meadowlands of the Humboldt River to the parched deserts south of Tonopah.

I loved to hear how, long before I was born, Black Pete tramped these hills and fought and fled for his life from the cattle ranchers warring to protect their range rights. But this evening I did not linger at the camp to talk. I knew the Basques were anxious to get settled, and so I paused only long enough to greet Buckaroo Joe.

Buckaroo Joe was a stocky, heavy-set man who radiated an air of quiet competence. He was cow boss for Walt Whitaker, a Fallon rancher who owned ranches in Reese River. Joe was an old friend of Black Pete's and Philip's, though a comparative stranger to me. But I was shortly to know him a good deal better.

Night was falling when I reached the house. Before going inside, I paused to look back up Skull Creek where I could see the warm light of the camp fire shining through the dark. It was the only light visible beside those of the ranch for miles in every direction.

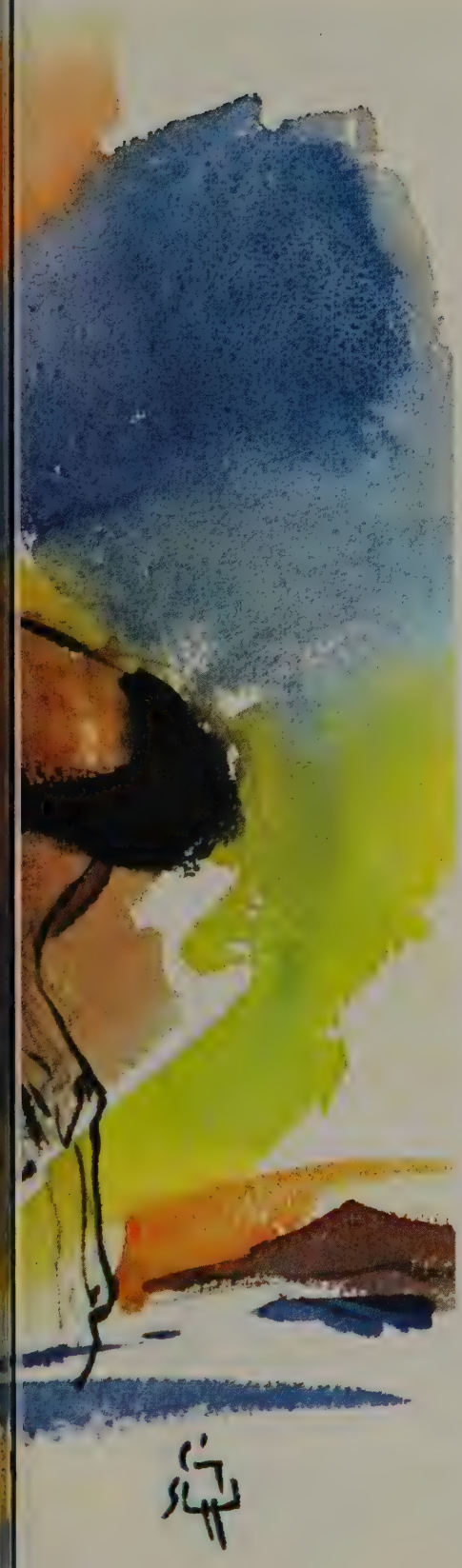
For three or four days after they got to Grass Valley the Basques were busy gathering their cattle. Finally they had the big end of them held under fence in the Skull Creek Field.

Early on the morning of the day they planned to drive their cows back over the mountain to the Reese River side, I rode up to join them. It was my intention to go with them to the limit of the Grass Valley Ranch range boundary on the top of Skull Creek Pass, to assure that none of my husband's cows went over the mountain with them.

When I arrived, the cattle were already bunched at the upper end of the field below a sheer rock cliff. Along the top of this perpendicular cliff raced a cow, furiously followed by a rider on a faded buckskin horse. From below I recognized the rider as the Sancho Panza-like Fermin. The cow was one of my husband's elderly purebred Herefords whom I had never before seen travel at a gait faster than a stately waddle.

"That's my cow!" I cried. "Why is that idiot chasing her?"

Beside me old Philip shrugged narrow shoulders. "Because she has horns,"



he said. "Fermin thinks she is a bull."

"Can't he read her brand?"

Philip's long thin face wrinkled into a disarming grin. "What do brands mean to Fermin? He can't read them!"

I gave a gasp as over the face of the cliff plummeted the cow. Then, my eyes were wrenched from her falling body by the nightmare spectacle of Fermin passionately urging his lemon-yellow charger over the cliff behind her.

"Stop him! He'll be killed!"

The grin had not left Philip's face. It broadened. "Killed?" he laughed. "He doesn't know enough to get killed!"

In an avalanche of sliding rock they—cow, horse and Fermin all miraculously unhurt—reached level ground together.

"Fermin is new to the cattle," Philip explained. "He has been all his life with the sheep. But I am training him to take my place."

"Surely you aren't planning on leaving Silver Creek!" I said incredulously. For years, through good times and bad, old Philip had worked at Silver Creek for John Laborde, a fellow Basque.

Philip's hunched, gothic shoulders, hooded eyes, ugly, humorous face, long chin half hidden in a high, knotted muffler that blew behind him like a banner cloud, was immutable as the hills he rode over. But there had been too many spills off the raw-boned roan, too many broken bones, too many long hours spent under blazing suns and bitter winds chasing recalcitrant cows.

"I'm going to retire." Philip said. "I'm getting old." His eyes strayed briefly to Black Pete who was riding toward us. "That one too," he said, "should stop while he can. This is no life for us old ones."

But Black Pete did not show his years as with blazing eyes he cried, "Hold the cows! We must go back and look through the field again. My bull is missing!"

"What bull?" snarled Philip, anxious to get going.

"I bring him from Ox Corral yesterday. That bull! He is the smart one. He want to stay in Ox Corral. All day I bring him, and now—where is he!"

It was not impossible that the bull had crawled through the Skull Creek fence and returned to his favorite nook in Ox Corral. Ox Corral lies eight or nine miles south of Skull Creek, and the distance would have been nothing to a determined animal. But it seemed more probable that he was hiding in the field.

We beat the willows hunting for Pete's bull along the creek banks. We thumped through quaking asps. I sent my dogs to look and look again. No bull.

As bulls grow old they lose that gregariousness which characterizes young bulls. They become solitary and contemplative. And they have an uncanny ability to hide, standing absolutely immobile in the shade of a few willows they blend into the surrounding country, camouflaged from all but the most penetrating eye. It seemed only too likely that Pete's bull had done this, and sure enough, when I was riding home that evening, the first thing I saw when I rode into the Skull Creek Field was Pete's bull, peering out at me like Pan from the willows.

But that morning, time was pressing, and we were forced to give up the search. "That sonofagun—" said Pete. "He go back to Ox Corral!"

"Then we start?" asked Buckaroo Joe impatiently, trotting up and reining his fat pinto gelding to the gate and dragging it open.

Buckaroo Joe had been with Whitaker thirty years, and the six thousand head that carried Whitaker's T5 brand were Buckaroo Joe's responsibility and pride. Joe had a man with him, the only rider that day except myself who was not Basque. He was a loud voiced Texan and rode a willing, roman-nosed sorrel with a bald face. I felt sorry for his horse as the Texan doubled and drove him unceasingly after stragglers, but I should have saved my sympathy. The horse could take care of himself, as the day's events would prove.

We had left the field.

Lined out in front of us were around a hundred and fifty head of cattle, going quietly up the canyon. I had dropped far back, talking with Philip. Just ahead of us rode Black Pete.

Pete sat a horse as though he belonged in the saddle. Dressed in dark, drab, work-worn chaps and levis, a whisp of bright silk tied tight at his throat, he made a gallant figure. His face was hard, the features stern and fierce, yet an underlying quality of gaiety gave him an expression of great charm. No longer young, Pete's back was straight as a boy's. He held his head high, and a battered, broad brimmed felt hat was pulled low over his piercing grey eyes.

With his magnificent, swashbuckling look, it was a joy to watch him. He made me think of desperate tales of smuggling along the French-Spanish border when just such bold, dark, daring men as he slipped quietly over the frontier on moonless nights. But this was no moonless night. A luminous sun streamed from a bare, blue sky. The air tingled. Late October flowers blazed purple and gold. Black Pete threw back his head and sharp and sweet, whistled a tune.

Then at the Big Spring trouble started.

The Big Spring is a green, deceitful bog along whose borders cows skirt cau-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

*Jack Palance*

# The Bad Guys

*Burt Lancaster*

## The Good Guys

*Woody Strode, Robert Ryan, and Lee Marvin*

## The Girl

*Claudia Cardinale*

# The Professionals
## INVADE LAS VEGAS

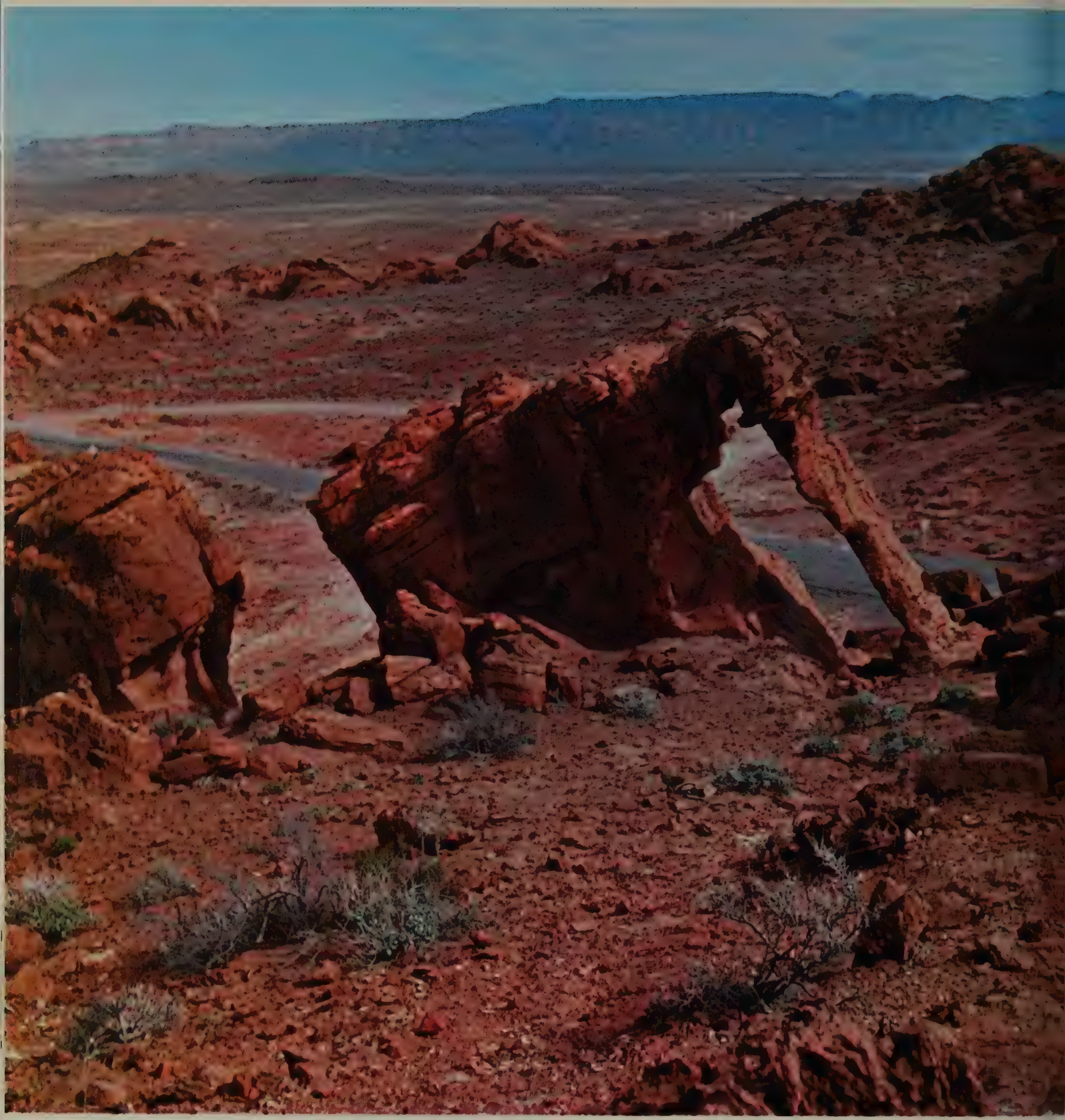
*By Don Payne*

Las Vegas, in its sixty odd years of existence, has become accustomed to taking nearly every situation into stride. However, since the day last fall when the vehicles from Columbia Studios rolled into town to set up a base of operations for filming *The Professionals,* the town has never been quite the same.

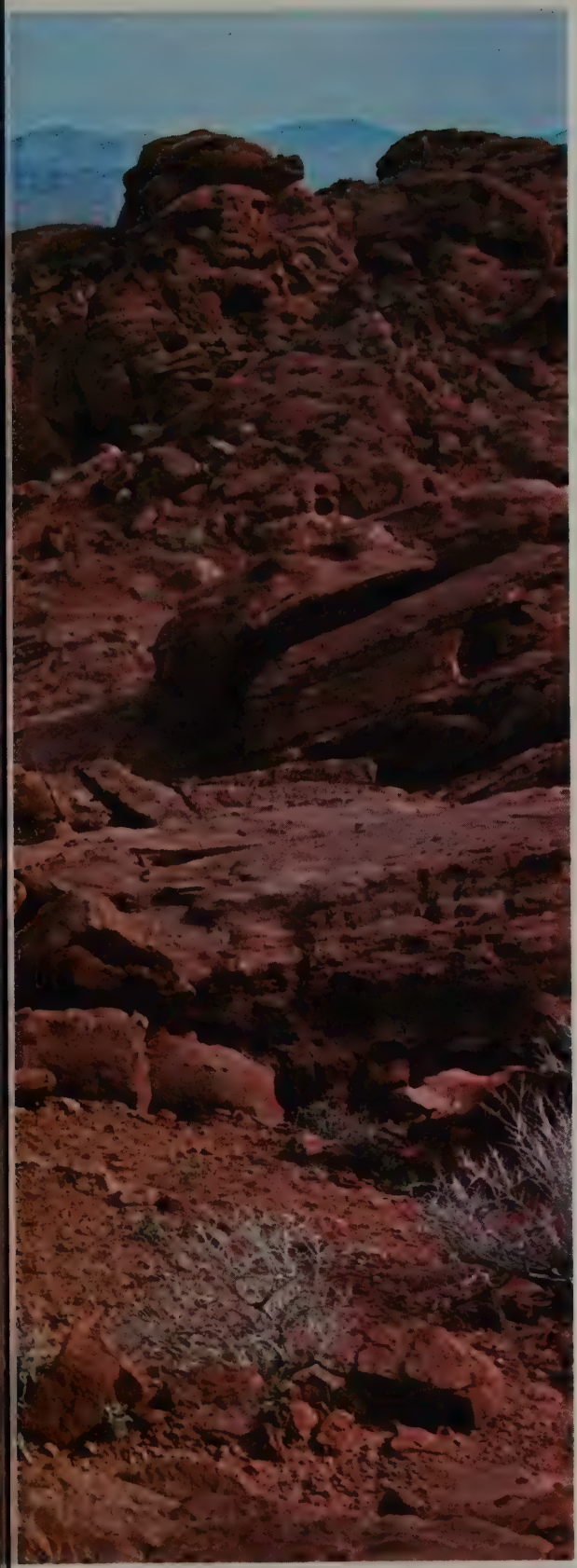
Starring Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Claudia Cardinale, Robert Ryan, Jack Palance and Ralph Bellamy along with co-stars Woody Strode and Marie Gomez, *The Professionals* set up shop in the tower of the Mint Hotel in downtown Las Vegas.

Normally, movie stars and greats of the entertainment field command little attention from the average resident. But here were stars of another caliber. They were, for the most part, dirty, unkempt and unshaven. On purpose. The movie they were filming some 50 miles away in the ruggedly beautiful Valley of Fire State Park concerned the hectic and tumultuous days of the 1917 Mexican revolution, and writer-director Richard Brooks insisted on accurate costuming.

Any morning during the 10 week filming schedule, visitors in the lobby of the Mint Hotel could witness a strange looking group boarding busses and automobiles enroute to location. Picture, for instance, Lee Marvin wearing a greying, three-day stubble on his tanned face; or lanky Woody Strode, in grimy clothes, apparently ready to strangle a tornado with his bare hands. Here, then, were stars in a different element; one to cause wonderment on the part of the casual viewer.



# The Scene



*Rugged Valley of Fire State Park near Las Vegas*

In the setting of the rugged wastelands and mountainous terrain of northern Mexico, the story depicts the struggle of four professional soldiers of fortune who match their expert knowledge and cunning in a battle against a band of some 150 Mexican revolutionaries. The obstacles facing the four seem, at times, insurmountable.

*The Professionals* captures the flavor of the Mexican revolution. Men who fought for Pancho Villa and General Zapata abound. Also women — *the soldaderas* who battle alongside their men — meld into the picture. The zealous fighting of these soldaderas sometimes turned the tide of battle. That's how dedicated they were and are in *The Professionals.*

Strains of revolutionary Mexican marching songs are in the background. Guitars echo the folksongs of the Mexican peon, the soldiers who are also brigands at heart.

Burt Lancaster stars in the role of Bill Dolworth, a devil-may-care man with an eye for the ladies, a knowledgable dynamite expert whose greatest skill is to con money from unsuspecting victims.

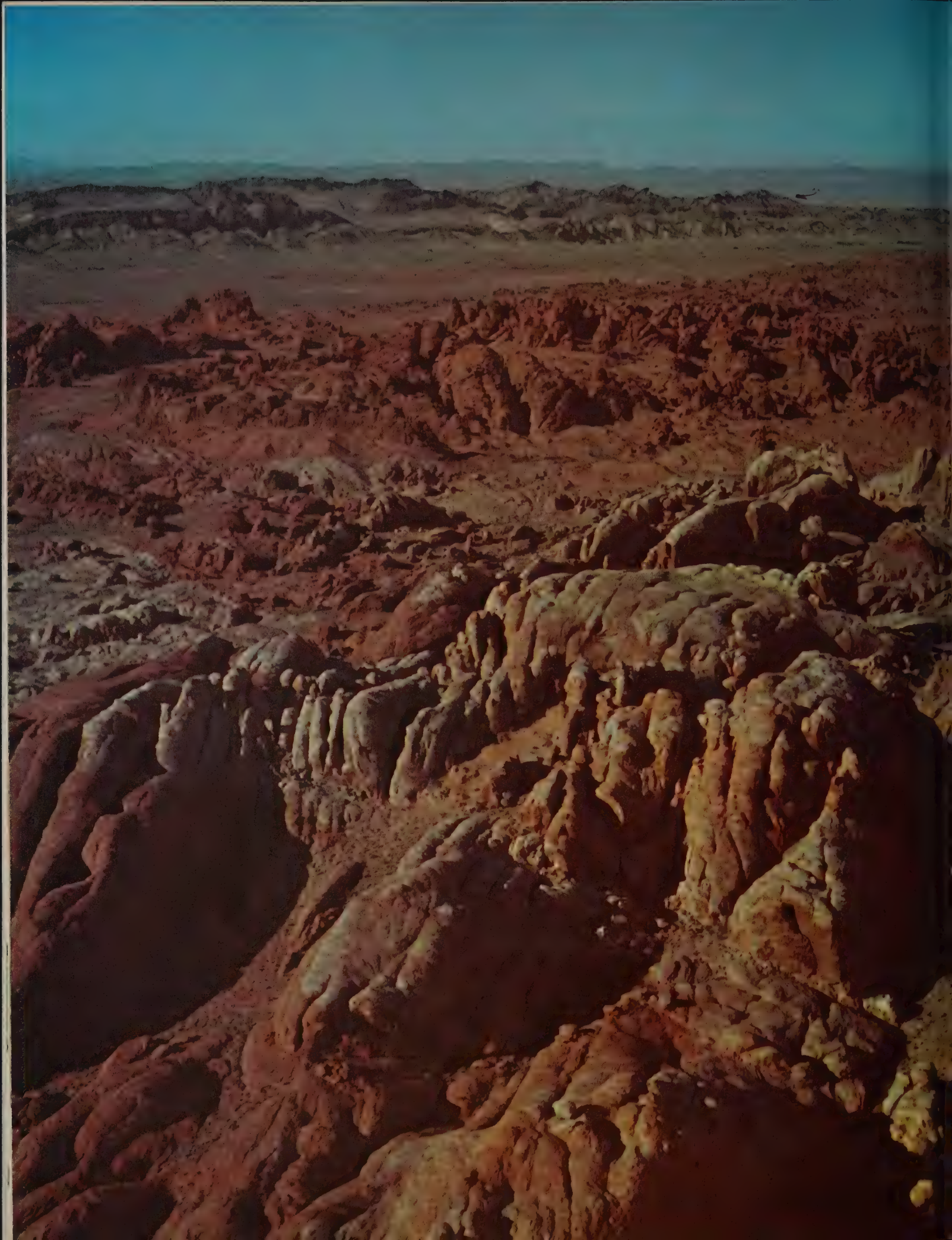
Lee Marvin, the recent Oscar winner, stars as Henry Fardan, an American Army veteran who campaigned in Cuba and the Philippines, and an expert with arms—rifle, shotgun and the .45 Colt automatic. The man is a born leader, a follow-through type who holds to a contract.

Robert Ryan portrays Hans Ehrengard, a professional with horses—a lover of horseflesh whose devotion to these animals is exceeded only by his will to stay alive.

Woody Strode co-stars as Jacob "Jake" Sharp, an expert tracker whose excellence with the lariat, knife and bow-and-arrow has no peer.

These, then, are the four soldiers-of-fortune, — the professionals, a group of desperate men on a mission to a golden hell-hole, fraught with danger every step of the way.

*Maria Gomez*



The man who sends them on the mission is Ralph Bellamy who stars as J. W. Grant, an oil-rancher tycoon of the southwest. Grant is an unscrupulous landlord whose only satisfaction is personal gain. He hires the four and tells them frankly that they might not return.

Biggest obstacle before the men is Jack Palance who appears as Captain Raza, a crafty, dedicated Mexican revolutionary leader, a seasoned veteran of countless battle campaigns. He leads the 150 revolutionaries, crack veterans determined to trample anything that constitutes oppression because this is "their way of life."

Claudia Cardinale, one of the fastest rising beauties of the international film world, "Italy's tigress of the screen," stars as Maria Grant, wife of Bellamy. As Maria, Miss Cardinale portrays a lusty, amoral woman whose heart is set in the ways of Old Mexico and who yearns for the return to the days when her father was a grandee Don with vast land holdings and a magnificent hacienda.

Toss into this cauldron another lusty, amoral woman in the person of Marie Gomez, a Spanish asset to the film making industry, who portrays Chiquita, a real soldadera of the revolution. Both of these women are of the same mettle—they fight to love and love to fight.

All of these people are natural, they're for real. Thus, passions run high, emotions clash and the conflict boils—a conflict that spells action, suspense and intrigue.

Valley of Fire is one of three locations used in filming this epic. Brooks scouted scores of areas, including many in Mexico. He chose two other places in which to shoot scenes for *The Professionals,* the scorching wastes of Death Valley, and an isolated railroad spur line in the desert 50 miles East of Indio, California.

While cast and crew were busy struggling through a blinding sandstorm in the almost endless salt flats on the floor of Death Valley, Brooks sent his construction crew to Las Vegas to prepare the setting at Valley of Fire—this so a smooth transition could be made from one location to the next. Holding an entire film crew up for even a few days can cost many thousands of dollars.

Plans called for the construction of an elaborate "hacienda" which would serve as the headquarters of the notorious Captain Raza and his band of men.

The people of Las Vegas worked closely with the studio crew. From the moment construction began until the last foot of film was shot, they enthusiastically assisted.

The State Park Commission and the Nevada Highway Department built a gravel road from the existing paved road some six miles into Deadman's Canyon, into the inner reaches of the park. Here was a deep ravine with sheer sandstone cliffs, weirdly pockmarked and eroded by wind, rain and sandstorms for more than 2,000 years. In this canyon, the professionals, in a fierce Old West battle, would eliminate about 10 of the brigands.

The 70 man construction crew, working below Coyote Pass, set about to build the authentic and detailed hacienda which, for purposes of the story, has been razed by Captain Raza and his men. It took the crew more than eight weeks to complete this realistic structure.

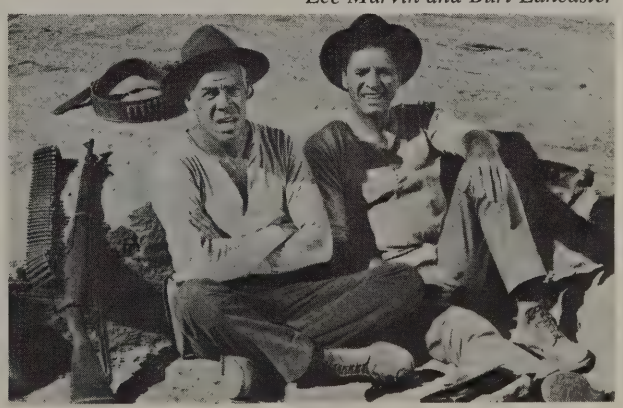
Visitors to the set, always welcome, arrived in a stream every day from Las Vegas. All, even those who were in show business themselves, gained new insight into film techniques as the picture progressed. Burt Lancaster proved his mettle as a virile athletic type by scaling by rope a 150-foot cliff. The way Burt did it, playing the role of Dolworth, it looked easy.

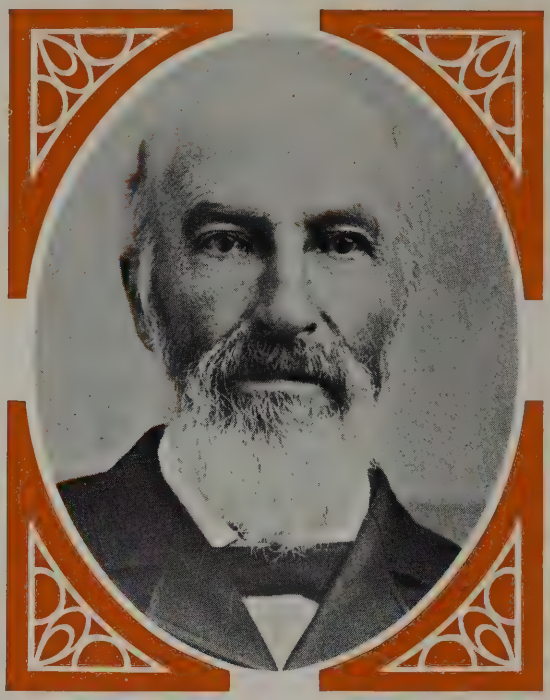
Valley of Fire, as a state park, abounds in grotesque rock formations resembling creatures and things from a strange never-never land. Many of its canyon walls are etched with Indian petroglyphs, the ancient writing left by tribes who inhabited the desolate valley thousands of years ago. The rocks and cliffs in the valley, as the name implies, are predominately bright brick red. However, a great range of color is evident, from delicate pinks to deep purples.

Because of the filming project, the Valley of Fire State Park has many new admirers. People who previously knew little or nothing about its grandeur and beauty now regularly come for another look and, taking the cue, the State Park Commission decided to retain the hacienda set as a permanent tourist attraction.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

*Lee Marvin and Burt Lancaster*





*Portrait of Dr. Anderson in his later years. He was in his thirties when he lived in Nevada.*

# Dr. Anderson in Wild & Wooly Carson City

*Research by Olga Reifschneider*

"I am in the great Nevada!"

Jubilantly Dr. Charles Lewis Anderson wrote a letter in September, 1862, reporting his arrival in Nevada Territory to the wife he'd left behind in Beloit, Wisconsin. Having safely crossed the plains by wagon train, Dr. Anderson was delighted to find himself at last in Carson City.

His elation rapidly turned to apprehension if not to alarm, however, after he took a good hard look at the frontier village in which he proposed to settle. Carson City, a scant four years old at the time, was a wild and wooly trading center on the road to Virginia City, a rambling town of several dozen houses and several hundred restless citizens. Without a church, a literary club or a theatre, Nevada's future capital was, to put it charitably, a far cry from the well-mannered cities Dr. Anderson had known in the Midwest. Although there was little about the town or its people that appealed to him, he decided to remain; and though he stayed only five years he left his mark.

Among his many accomplishments, Dr. Anderson was Nevada's first botanist. Pursuing his life-long interest in plants, he began to collect samples as soon as he arrived, sending many specimens to Harvard University for identification. Some now bear his name. Avidly interested in libraries and education, he was first appointed and later elected to the office of Superintendent of Schools for Ormsby County. When Nevada became a state he was named to the post of Surgeon General by Governor Blasdel. He was recording secretary for the Nevada Historical and Scientific Society, helped establish a circulating library, and even found time to contribute weather reports to the local paper.

Alone during his first months in Carson City, Dr. Anderson wrote nearly every day to his wife in Wisconsin. Fortunately the letters were preserved. They were recently discovered in the Bancroft Library at Berkeley by Mrs. Olga Reifschneider of Reno who was gathering material for a book on Nevada botanists. In them we find a fascinating decription of Carson City in its diaper days, one of the sharpest and frankest records extant of the period when gold fever ran contagious through the streets.

Mrs. Anderson and her two daughters joined Dr. Anderson in Carson City in 1863, an event that provides a happy ending in the letters which follow.

Carson City N.T.

My own Dear Wife,

Monday Feb. 2nd '63. Mr. Journal" stood with more dignity. This morning I thought to continue where I left off. Instead of going out to make a social call & concluded my time might be spent quite as profitably & in writing something for my little wife in Detroit. I did not suppose you would miss my miserable letters so much. So you intimate in yours rec'd today. Sometimes I regret that I did not rig up a vehicle and bring you along with me. It would I am satisfied now have been as well if not better. Such a trip would have added much to yours and the children's constitutional vigor — a matter of no small importance. Then by this time in all probability we would have been ~~in all probability~~ comfortably settled. But wishing it were otherwise now is of no use, and besides we could not tell what the future would bring forth. Gen. Lincoln Lee might tell his experience in crossing the plains and his settlement in California. The first winter he bought ~~1200~~ lbs of flour at 35¢ per Hundred, and about 800 lbs at 80¢ per hundred. Other things were in proportion. Says he was frequently on the last loaf, but never went without bread, and never intends to. Providence has always interposed in his behalf and he believes if he were cast out on the desert some means would be found to sustain him. That kind of confidence is a powerful incentive to action, and most probably leads to success. When we have full confidence that what we are pursuing will be reached in due course of time, and our objects are legitimate and proper for us to seek, perseverance will eventually crown us with success. But unless a proper use be made of what we have labored so long for, we are not in the end benefitted. A case in point occurs to me from reading a notice in a newspaper this morning. There is a mine at Virginia City called the "Comstock Lode." It is the richest mine of silver and gold bearing quartz as yet discovered in the west'd, I suppose. The man who discovered it, Comstock, sold it for 60¢ and an old horse, about 3 years ago, and the man who bought it, Chalwell, are both up in the Powder River mines poor miserable and half-witted miners — Still pursuing the phantom of a rich mine. They have found several in their time but instead of holding on like sensible men, they bartered them for a "mess of pottage". The Comstock now yields each year over a Million of Dollars. Thus we make good use of what we may gain by long & tedious trials we are not benefitted in the end. I am to draw a lesson from this. Should I be so fortunate as

*Left, a reproduction of one of Dr. Anderson's letters. Above, the White House, no longer standing. Below, the insignia worn by the doctor when he was surgeon general; and a view of the old Ormsby House, landmark in early Carson City.*

# Dr. Anderson's Letters

**SEPT. 8, 1862** — Since I have opened my office here I have had more encouragement than I could have reasonably hoped for. The first night I had a ride of 5 miles to see a sick child. Yesterday another patient was placed in my hands—small pox.

The first and best physician here Dr. A. W. Tjader invited me yesterday to visit his patients with him. We went into quite a number of pleasant families. Dr. Tjader has nearly all the practice here.

I board at the "White House" kept by a fat widow lady. It is the most fashionable house in the city. Each person has his own separate table and dishes and orders whatever he wants. I pay 10$ per week and lodge myself at my office. Physicians charge 5$ per visit in town and 5$ per mile in the country. I pay 10$ per month office rent.

**SEPT. 17** — Talking about "time to read" I have read more in the last week than I found time to read in a year before. I find a good many books in town and people willing to loan them. We have two libraries which it is hoped will be united.

A certain Dr. here has a beautiful wife. They board at a Hotel and play gent and lady to the tune of 40$ per week or more. Yet he has ordinary brains, and is only a "botanic doctor."

What would a man in Minnesota think of having to pay 120$ for a load of hay! It was a large load, however, 4 yoke of oxen.

**SEPT. 21** — Bishop Simpson of the Methodist Church spoke at Court House. This is a very ungodly country.

Does the telegraph go to Beloit? If so we are within telegraphic communication of each other all the time and should anything happen it can be made use of.

But the last semi year has been one of peculiar hardships. And of all the 35 years I have lived not one has been fraught with greater mental anxiety than the last one. Separated from loved and loving ones is bad enough—but to see our country flowing with the blood of friends, brothers and dear ones, cut down so untimely by hellish war, adds tenfold to the distress. But let us thank our Heavenly Father, that we are not in a worse condition than the present finds us.

**SEPT. 23** —We have life, health and strength and these afflictions may better prepare us for future enjoyment. And let us pray that our country may come as of this bloody war, purer and stronger.

**OCT. 1** — We are beginning to have cool nights here, already the vines and corn leaves are killed by frost and people are putting up stoves. The other day I took a walk of 10 or 12 miles to visit some miners. I enjoyed it very much. Climbing mountains however, is not very easy. But when on the summit you have a grand view of the country. I called on the governor the other day. He seemed very "glad to see me" hoped I would call on him often. Etc. He had no books that I wanted to borrow. We are to have a Territorial Fair 21st—22nd—23rd of this month. I have already been scribbling some for our paper in the Agricultural and Geological cause. This is a rich country for Geological study.

Dr. Tjader lends me medical books and magazines.

**FRIDAY, OCT. 3** — They have laid the foundation for the **first** church building in this city, and contemplate having it up and covered this fall.

**OCT. 7** — Last Sunday we had snow, not only on the mountains but down here in Carson. Monday it cleared off beautiful and today has been a "love of a day"—clear, cool, calm and altogether quite refreshing after the cold snap.

A gentleman the other day made an estimate of a crop of potatoes which he is now digging. They yield at the rate of 700 bushels per acre. Nearly 40,000 lbs. at 5 cents per lb., say 2000$.

Carson City is situated at the foot of the mountains on a number of little brooks which are large enough to irrigate several thousand acres besides turning mills, etc. Today is beautiful, mild and clear. I like this mountain climate when the wind don't blow. It is very healthy here—some little fever of typhus character and mild erysipelas prevails.

**OCT. 8 — 9 O'C NIGHT** — Have just returned from a long horseback ride, pretty well jolted and tired. Am indebted to Dr. Tjader for the case, also for one which I had yesterday just out of town. The Dr. don't like to ride. The pay is good. Had a nice moonlight ride home over brooks by the side of Washoe Lake, thro' a pine grove and over a small mountain. I have just made my supper out of 4 pears, cost "2 bits," and some flinty bread brought from Salt Lake with a cookie which I fortunately put in my pocket at the White House at noon, washed down with a cup of ale.

**THURS. EVE. OCTOBER 9TH** — Another lovely day, clear, pure air. Feel very sore from my ride last eve. Prof. J. D. Whitney, State Geologist of California, formerly geologist of Illinois and Iowa, called this PM. I had written him asking information in regard to his work in California. He says there is a great deal to do in California to finish the survey, but that pay comes hard and slowly. He is over here with an assistant getting material for a map of this section. I may take a walk or another climb with him tomorrow if my ride does not prevent. Dr. Tjader says I may have all the country practice.

First church was the Presbyterian, located at the present site.

J. Ross Browne did the drawings used to illustrate this story. Browne, a prominent journalist of the day, wrote two books on the Washoe mining boom in the sixties from which the drawings are borrowed.

**OCT. 19** — Last night I went with a "Surprise Party" to visit Rev. Mr. White our Presbyterian pastor. We had a pleasant time and I got acquainted with quite a number of ladies and gentlemen. We left a purse of $30 or $40. His wife is going to spend the winter in Cal. I conversed with Mr. White about the climate and resources of San Jose Valley 30 miles south of San Francisco where he has lived for 7 or 8 years. His description is glowing. The climate, the scenery, the productions, etc. are all such as to suit my fancy. He told about standing on a point of the coast mountains which run up on the peninsula between San Francisco Bay and the ocean and viewing the surrounding country. The ocean, the mountains, San F. City and bay, and the settlements made up such a scene as can seldom be found. When I visit California I am bound to see that valley. Then the railroad runs from San F. to San Jose.

I attend church. Bible agent preached, and a society was organized. I became a member, feeling that bibles were needed here as much as anything. If I only were able to aid these good works more, I should be glad. Our town and country is in a very immoral condition. I have told you there is no meeting house here yet. But one is in process of erection, a brick 35 x 55 ft.

There is a good society here, but it is like wheat in chaff. Yet I am sure it is as good as Minn. can boast of. I visited our Masonic Lodge the other evening and was well pleased. I found some good men there. I met an Indianapolis man yesterday, the superintendent of Indians, Mr. Lockhart.

The only piano as far as I know is at the White House. A little girl there plays on it every day. She is a daughter of Judge Turner and plays well for a little girl.

I read the article in the Atlantic in regard to Thoreau. It was written by R. W. Emerson.

**OCT. 25** — The past week so far as the weather goes has been delightful. I took a long ride last Wednesday evening 30 miles away up into the Sierra Mountains. Had a very intelligent young lady—handsome withall—except a little strange business to accompany me. We went in two horse carriage. Our ride was very pleasant until dark overtook us on the "grade" going up the mountains. Then the constant fear of coming in collision with teams made us tremble occasionally. The grade is very narrow in places, and the mountain sides almost perpendicular.

Although "Maggie" was by my side I didn't exactly feel happy. Maggie Pixley is from Portage City, Wisc. She crossed the plains last year. I was going to see her sick mother near Lake Bigler. It was 9 o'c at night when we reached her father's and I found her mother very sick. Miscarriage at 4 months, with a great deal of hemorrage. I remained all night and left her no better in the morning. They had a physician when I got there and all I could do was to consult with him and leave him in charge of the case. This morning I learned by telegraph that she died last night. It is a great loss to the family for she was an estimable woman. Maggie had been on a visit with her cousin in Carson and had just been planning a week of pleasure when she heard of her mother's sickness. It was 24 hours before they could get a physician. They telegraphed to Carson but could get no response. The operator was asleep. They finally sent down by stage. On my return I had a splendid ride. The scenery of the mountains is magnificent. The most splendid pines I ever saw. Even the flowers were not all killed. I had not time to go and see Lake Bigler. It was 3 miles out of my way.

Our "Silver Sage" has gone up to Virginia City, so Carson the capitol of Nevada is without a paper.

There is a great demand for a good pianist. There is a lady teacher here who has more than she can attend to. About all the music I hear comes from a negro saloon near my office. They have a guitar and **John Brown** is executed in all styles. Poor old man—his soul finds no rest there.

**OCT. 27, 1862** — Called on the Governor yesterday morning and he gave me a manuscript to read in regard to the Geology of the mines of Nevada gotten up by W. B. Blake, geologist of the Pacific Railroad Exploring Expedition. It was written last winter on his way as commissioner from Pacific Coast and forwarded from Japan. I spent yesterday and part of today reading it. It contains much valuable information in regard to the mines. The Governor has just rec'd a lot of books across the plains. He says any of them are at my service. There is but little of the credit system here.

**WEDNESDAY, OCT. 29** — You inquired about my bed. Don't be too inquisitive. The Gent and I sleep together. We have 2 sheets, a bolster and two pillows, two comforters, 5 blankets, 2 straw beds and one woolen mattress besides a buffalo robe. No danger of freezing. We have splendid weather, cool, comfortable, clear and calm.

**NOVEMBER 5, 1862** — Two months today since I opened office in Carson. It seems like a longer time. Since writing you I have had a long ride away up to the head of Carson Valley—40 miles from here. I rode up in the night and returned next day—a case of typhoid fever in a little girl. The scenery up there is beautifully grand. I was on the old road of Fremont which he traveled I think in the winter of '42 or '43. He had a hard trip as you remember, toiling thro' deep snow in mid-winter. It is on the west branch of Carson and until the "Kingsbury Grade" was built, was the emigrant route to California.

Lake Tahoe was first called Lake Bigler but the name didn't stick. "Honest John" Bigler was the third governor of California.

The "Silver Sage" was a Carson City daily founded in 1860. In 1862 it moved to Virginia City, became "Virginia Daily Union."

James W. Nye was appointed by President Lincoln as Governor of Nevada Territory.

Carson Valley lies south of Carson City. The road through the valley crosses the Sierra Nevada via Kit Carson pass and was one of the heavily-traveled emigrant routes.

The U.S. Sanitary Commission was the Civil War equivalent of the Red Cross.

Lucy Curry was the daughter of Abe Curry who is regarded as the founder of Carson.

Legislative Hall was a large room in the Great Basin Hotel built by Abe Curry. He later sold it to Ormsby County and it became the Court House.

The "Third House" was originated by Mark Twain and is still a going institution. Staged at the end of legislative sessions, it satirizes the serious legislative business of the day.

By the way, the cannon which Fremont had to leave was found last summer and is now at Virginia City. It is esteemed as a valuable relic. I did not go very far up the canyon. The river is said to fall 1,200 feet in 5 miles. The granite peaks and mountains on either side were **grand.** The air was cool, in fact it snowed a little in the morning before I left and all the way home I could see the snow clouds hanging on the Sierra. The roar of the waters was quite refreshing, reminding me of the Falls of St. Anthony. I saw at the foot of the canyon, peach trees nearly large enough to bear fruit. I also saw some splendid vegetables in gardens. Carson Valley is indeed a lovely spot and were it not subject to overflow in the spring would make beautiful farms.

As it is on the western side there are some fine chances for farms, many of which are being improved. When I returned home I was tired—you bet. I had before starting on this trip just returned from one up to Washoe Valley on a hard trotting horse. I had ridden 100 miles in 36 hours. But a good night's rest refreshed me very much and I was soon as sound as ever.

I attended a Sanitary meeting last night. Heard Gov. Nye and others speak. Over 3000$ was raised and with some effort the people here will if they try turn it up to 10 or 15 thousand dollars.

Virginia City has sent off in bars or gold and silver over 20,000$ for the relief of the sick and wounded in the east.

I am about to move my office across the street to a Drug Store. They have offered me a room rent free. So I shall save 10$ per month.

My friend Dr. Tjader is to be married in a few days to a young lady here (Lucy Curry). Our weather still continues beautiful. Gets a little colder each night. Have had little or no rain as yet and no snow except the little that fell a month ago.

**FRIDAY, NOV. 7** — Our beautiful weather still continues. If this is Nevada climate I shall have no complaints to make.

Dr. Tjader says he will be married by the Governor in the Legislative Hall, invites me to be present and represent the profession.

Considerable excitement here now about a gold ledge or rather quartz ledge with gold two or three miles west of Carson. I have seen some of the gold. It is said to be abundant.

**NOV. 9, 1862** — I moved yesterday into my new quarters in the Carson City Drug Store. Had a very quiet and pleasant sleep last night undisturbed by the saloon that was next door to me in my old office. They used to have fights there nearly every day and as they sometimes used pistols and having nothing but a board partition between us I sometimes thought it best to get myself into the back room in "double quick time."

Friday afternoon I called at Miss Clapp's School. They had the usual exercises of declamation, reading passages etc. They were not of the highest order, but the school is interesting and well conducted. Miss C. keeps the best of order. Her school room is well fitted up with nicely stained and varnished seats and desks. Miss C. has a charter for a Seminary and hopes the next legislature will do something in the way of appropriation. She has 10 acres of valuable land connected with the school. Our legislature meets in a few days. The members are assembling from all parts of the Territory. Some are intelligent and good looking others are "quite to the contrary."

One could not desire finer weather. Last Wednesday I took a long walk into the mountains over looking Carson. Some new mines are being discovered up there. Keating and I and another man discovered a quartz ledge and made a claim. So you see my dear I am sick now in anticipation. If our claim proves what some others have proved we are rich. However, will not put on any extra airs until I know for certain how valuable it is.

Besides discovering a fortune, I had an interesting walk or climb rather among the pines and beautiful streams rushing down the steep mountain sides. At many places I could pluck icicles with one hand and beautiful fresh flowers with the other. There are besides the pines, some beautiful spruces and cedars, tall symmetrical and fresh with their evergreen bows. The ground is covered in many places with evergreen shrubs and vines besides late flowers, a few colored deciduous leaves of willows and aspen. I returned at night tired and hungry but was rested and refreshed next day. It is very healthy now.

The "Third House," a mock Legislature, is the only place of amusement. I have attended two evenings. It is poor entertainment.

**MONDAY, NOV. 17, MORNING** — Bright, clear, pleasant, nothing of particular interest this morning. You know I am very much influenced by the weather. I have been told some awful stories about the climate of Nevada. I have never seen nicer weather than has occurred since the 10th of October. One succession of clear, calm and beautiful days. Indeed, it is too fine. It has nearly used up all the sickness of our vicinity.

**MONDAY, NOV. 24, MORNING** — Have attended a **post mortem.** This morning a man was mysteriously murdered about midnight last night. He was one of what they call "Sports." No one can tell as yet how or why he came to his death. He was not robbed, as nothing was missing from him.

**THURSDAY, NOV. 27** —Our fine weather still continues. I fancy people are getting almost tired of saying "This is a beautiful day." Indeed, all the days are beautiful. I took my

Thanksgiving dinner at the White House with Mr. Cutter who is boarding there at present. It was a rather poor affair considering the great name this house has for being the aristocratic house of the Capitol. In the first place we had made up our mouths for turkey. Well, after refusing soup and waiting 15 minutes for the waiter to bring along the turkey, he at last appeared with a very small piece of chicken on each plate accompanied with the excuse that they could not get any turkey. After chicken followed pie (miner) and pudding. I managed to make a meal and being an "invited guest" of course I might not complain. What there was of it was good.

Tonight is a Calico Ball and supper is given to raise funds for the Sanitary Committee. It is almost 10 o'c and still I see persons passing going to the Ball. A few minutes ago I looked in and saw them gayly tripping the light fantastic too. The ladies all appear to be dressed in Calico.

**FRIDAY MORN** — A very unfortunate accident occurred last night at the Ball. A man fell from one of the windows thro' a cloth awning to the stone pavement and was almost instantly killed. It seemed the window was left ajar at one side (being French style) he proceeded to step out on to what he supposed was a solid awning when he fell thro' the cloth striking his head. Fri. night—There was a large funeral procession this afternoon to attend the burial of the man who was killed. He was a Mason and the order performed the ceremonies at the grave. Everything was conducted in the most impressive manner. I did not go in the procession with the Masons but with the citizens. I have never before been so favorably impressed with the symbolic teachings of Masonry.

Our fine weather still continues, yet there are indications this morning of a slight winter storm approaching.

Last Saturday evening I went to see a **Panorama.** Everybody told me it was worth seeing so I concluded to spend one evening the first since I have been here in seeing the show. I was more than pleased. I was instructed and well compensated for my time and money. It was "Gropius" Panorama of Europe. There were fine views of the islands of Iceland, Mt. Heda, Bordeaux, Lilsbon, Seville by moonlight, Constantinople, Black Sea, Caucasus etc. etc. I saw London, Paris, the famous Windsor Castle, Siege of Gibralter, a storm on the English Channel, Rome with St. Peters Cathedral and the renowned Coliseum, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Eruption of Mt. Etna, Stockholm, Copenhagen all in one night.

The height of my ambition is to have a pleasant quiet cottage of 5 or 6 rooms, one for a library where we could read and converse evening or enjoy other amusements, a small garden of vines and fruits with a few choice flowers. A business that would yield a comfortable living and a few select friends to come and see us. Out of debt so that what I earned I could call my own, my motto then could be to "owe no man anything." In the study of Nature, and Nature's God, we would be enabled to live nearer to Him, and with greater happiness to ourselves.

*Carson City's fighting firemen, the Warren Engine Co.*

I think I shall have to get up a reading circle these long evenings. Mr. Sears is building a new house and when finished I will propose the commencement of a circle, on a small select scale.

**DEC. 9, 1862** — We have had nothing to call winter yet. For a little while today the wind came down from the mountains pretty "gusty" and everybody said "now it is coming," but this eve is calm and warm. Yet the mountains toward California are enveloped in mist and I presume it is raining over there.

I lost a patient last evening, a Mr. McAdam, lately from Iowa. His disease was a complication of ague and inflammation of the spinal marrow, brought on by exposure and hard drink. This is the first patient I have lost.

**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10** — This is a most beautiful morning. There is a coat of snow half way down the mountains, it rained a few drops here and this morning there was a beautiful white frost. The sun is shining clear and warm and indeed it looks like spring.

I cannot say, that I am enamoured as yet with Carson City. The state of society here is of the most discouraging kind. There is but little moral or religious tone in it. I have had chances to converse with a great many who in former years were ardent religionists. They appear to have back slidden, and you know when that is the case they are in a deplorable condition. This latter state is worse than the first tenfold. There are several here who once were ministers of the gospel. Now they are gamblers; drunkards and blasphemus. Of course, where men are depressed the women soon partake of their depravity, and of all being a depraved woman is the most depraved, and many things they go far ahead of the male sex. Of course we have some good men and women here. Many are good by contrast.

In the days of Jacob there was a ladder between heaven and earth, but now the heavens have gone farther off, and are more astronomical.

**DEC. 17** — We are getting tired of beautiful weather and there seems to be no signs of a change for the worse. I am not busy professionally but doing a little every day. It is more healthy than the oldest inhabitant has ever known. Something must be done to put a stop to this nice weather.

Last night there was a grand celebration in honor of the passage of a Bill to Incorporate Mining Companies in this Territory instead of California as heretofore. All the sporting population got gloriously drunk. Bonfires, anvils, processions, illumination, fire crackers, etc., were called into requisition. Most of the Legislators got drunk. Consequently today they have been unfit for business. Should finish this letter yesterday but was busied with a man who had been poisoned.

Our beautiful weather still continues. Although it is cold and on Washoe Lake the boys have been skating, yet we have had no wind, snow or rain worth mentioning.

Ex-California Governor Johnson built the home which stood at the corner of Curry and Proctor Streets until two years ago. It was last owned by Dr. James Thom.

I visited a residence in course of completion belonging to Ex. Gov. Johnson the other day. He is having it finished in princely style. The furniture of the finest quality, must have cost for the parlor not less than 10,000$. I could not help but think how **foolish** wise men will act sometimes just in consequence of having more money than they know what to do with.

Last night I remained up until after midnight to see the Legislature adjourn. They were nearly all foolishly drunk. The band was out to discourse music and after adjourning they serenaded Gov. Nye. He was foolishly drunk, I understand, and sang "Dixie" to the crowd.

The Plaza was the park surrounding the Capitol. The designation seems to have dropped out of usage today.

**SUNDAY EVE., 10 O'C, DEC. 21** — Have just returned from a ride up to Franktown (8 mi). Another shooting affair. A drunken man tried to shoot a friend, who caught the pistol just as it was aimed at his breast receiving the ball thro' the little finger and thigh. His wound is not dangerous.

I made a trip to Franktown and back in about 4 hours. I rode a little calico pony, very pretty, but she would stop sometimes very suddenly at imaginary objects allowing me to go on over neck and head. Tore my coat twisted one leg wrong side out and banged me up generally. Otherwise she carried me along fleetly and elegantly.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1863** — Yesterday it snowed nearly all day. This morning I have seen two or three regular sleighs out, with bells jingling and the boys are on the Plaza snowballing each other. The sun shines, it is warm and everybody seems to be making the most of the snow while it lasts on the mountains. I understand the snow is deep and the weather very cold. But here in the valley the thermometer has not been lower than 10 degrees above zero.

**NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING** — Which! Whew! but the wind does blow! The day that promised so fair has changed to anything else but fair. Like our good resolutions of this morning, that promise is broken as they may, and most likely will be, before the year closes. It blows a perfect gale. The snow of this morning is all gone; and now the sky is darkened with shingles, pieces of boards, hats, dogs, and things.

I have seen blows in Minnesota but this blow is a little ahead of anything I ever saw there. It must be snowing terribly in the mountains for the tops are hidden by the snow clouds. The air is getting colder and the wind may cease when it begins to freeze. The day

has passed quietly otherwise with exception of firecrackers and boys shooting. Not many drunk. Tonight, a New Years Ball comes off somewhere. How the ladies will get out I cannot imagine. The wind is very "impudent" prying into this and into that. I saw a couple of crinoline skirts passing the street this evening. I suppose a couple of females were somewhere under them, but certainly not in them. As I say, the wind was very impudent and would sometimes give the dresses the appearance of a balloon with bodies attached as sort of ballast. It was very improper conduct in the wind.

**JAN. 2** — The gales calmed this morning about sunrise. It is interesting to look about the town. Signs, roofs, awnings and nearly all moveable things are in a very promiscuous condition. Stove pipes, chimneys and liberty poles are much beyond perpendicular. The wind had a high time. I went out last evening to draw a book from the library and it was with difficulty I could go from one sidewalk to another. To judge by the movements of people clinging to posts and staggering across the streets you would think them all drunk. Pelting drops of rain flew all the time although there was no cloud nearer than the mountains, 8 miles distant. In short, I never saw nor felt such a blow. I was up this morning about 8½ having had a good nap after the wind subsided, have removed the dust from my room, had my breakfast, and am now ready for a "call." It is very healthy, some cases of small pox and rheumatism.

I think I am growing quite robust. Have a splendid appetite and pretty good digestion. Good beef steak is a great institution. I like what Mrs. North says about a hat. I think you would look more pretty in a hat. You know I never liked those awful bonnets. They have nothing convenient, nor graceful about them. But give me a "dear love of a hat." Such as one Mrs. Fisks says "goes right to the heart."

**SUN. MORN., JAN. 4** — The gale has kept up all night and still continues this morning. As I feel now you may set me down as merely a transient resident of this inhospitable region. I am told that 4 months last winter was a series of gales like those we have had since the 1st of Jan. The dust and sand pervades everything and place. As high as you can see the air is filled with moving clouds of dust. The simooms of the old world desert could hardly be worse. I paid my license tax to practice the other day 10$. I have not replenished my wardrobe yet.

**JAN. 28, 1863** — Another beautiful day after a rather cold night. The snow is melting away. The month of January is almost gone. I sincerely hope that next month will develope a way by which I may be enabled to go over to California and more than that, that I may know what our fate is to be about making a home on this Pacific Coast. The war news does not bring the least hope of success. No ray of light glimmers yet in the east. Our nation is still enveloped in midnight. You would not be interested in the mining news. That is the only talk here.

This place of Carson has little in it congenial with my taste. The persons of wealth here who ought to be foremost in developing and advancing the better interests of this place do nothing. They are gamblers and drunkards, infidels and debauchers. I am heartily sick of the place. Those who would render aid and influence to make the place better have not the means to do so. Thus one of the fairest towns in the Territory is cursed by a population who knows not what is for their interest. The last half of the month has been fair winter weather, clear for the most part and cold. The thermometer has gone down to zero nearly every night, but the days have been pleasant.

As near as I can learn this climate does not vary much from that of California except in the temperature and the occasional hard gales. But like Minnesota there is a long season that vegetation does not grow. When I came here about Sept. 1 the frost had already injured tender plants and now I have been here five months and the prospect is that two months more must elapse before grass will be green or flowers bloom. Then the dry weather will commence in June and during the long summer everything not irrigated will dry up. No mam — I cannot and will not try to make a home in such a climate.

**FRIDAY, JAN. 30** — About the only consolation I have is to spend an evening once in a while conversing with the few good people here.

**TUESDAY, FEB. 3, 1863** — Offered position with County Hospital. 100$ mo.

**WEDNESDAY, FEB. 4** — Today has been mild and spring like. People say "that winter has broke." Indeed I hope so. It has now lasted over two months and as there is but little snow in all probability, the balmy days of spring are at hand. My old passion for something "green" came on me today and I went to the brook and collected some roots with their green leaves to set in my little garden. My collection of green things consist of 4 small hyacinth bulbs, one yarrow, and one painted cup, all on a patch of ground 4 x 6 inches.

**FRIDAY, FEB. 6** — Another one of our Drs. committed matrimony Thursday evening. Dr. Wayman married a Mrs. Ormsby, a widow of Maj. Ormsby who was killed a couple years ago by the Indians. Ormsby County was named after him. The gale blew all nite. This morning it has moderated and the aid is balmy. Indeed it does appear somewhat like spring. The snow in the valley has nearly all disappeared.

Went over my collection of plants today. They are like a memorandum book, reminding

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

*Aaron and Rosie Winters who play the role of hero and heroine in the Death Valley saga that follows. Rosie's cottonball made dreams come true for the Winters — and founded one of the great mineral industries of America.*

Pinpoints of a million stars punctured the black vastness of the heavens over Death Valley. Winds crept over the mountain tops and whined and moaned across the bottoms of ancient craters. Alone, in the black vastness of the valley's floor, a man and a woman stared, jubilant, at a flickering flame.

"She burns green, Rosie! We're rich, by god!" the man cried out.

The name of the man—Aaron Winters. The name of the women—Rosie, his wife. The year—1880.

Aaron and Rosie met in the small town of Redlands Junction, San Bernardino, California, which was later re-named Bryn Mawr. After their marriage in Bryn Mawr's Catholic church, Aaron took his frail, dark-eyed bride to a primitive home at Ash Meadows, Nevada, a small oasis 50 miles east of Death Valley on the California-Nevada line.

Aaron, in his mid-50's had settled at Ash Meadows because several water holes and subterranean streams provided feed and water for some cattle and a home camp from which he could go prospecting in the surrounding, promising-looking hills.

It was a harsh change for Rosie. Leaving a comfortable ranch home near San Bernardino, she came to a tule-thatched, humble home of one big room about fifteen feet square connected to an adjoining room which was dug into the side of a hill.

*This is the story of borax in Death Valley, California, a colorful chapter in the development of the West symbolized by the 20 Mule Team. Before Death Valley, Nevada was the borax capital of America, and it is in Nevada this story begins.*

*By Lillian N. Ninnis*

Rosie did not come to Aaron empty-handed. She brought 100 head of cattle as a dowry and homelike comforts such as Aaron's primitive quarters had never known. With her arrival one end of the big room became a lady's boudoir. A mirror, hair brushes, ribbons and combs for her hair were on the deep ledge of the window sill while a shelf held gaily decorated bottles of Magnolia Balm, Felton's Gossemer Face Powder, fragrant Florida Water and other beauty aids for the delicate Spanish-American woman who seemed little fitted for the hardships of desert life.

The room became Home Sweet Home with the addition of her two rocking chairs with tidies on their backs, white ruffled pillow shams covering the pillows on the bed and curtains at the windows. The "kitchen" was established near the fireplace. It was a spic and span room in spite of the ramblings of a big dog and a pig whose playground was a small pool where there were some ducks and chickens. The view from the house, in any direction was desert. Mile after mile of gray desert.

There was no drop-in supermarket for the Winters, but meat and milk from the cows, eggs from the ducks and chickens, beans from the not-too-distant mesquite trees, and these things, along with a supply of fine water, assured them of a more comfortable way of life than most desert folk enjoyed. But it was a lonesome business at best. Visitors

*Prior to Death Valley borax operations were centered in Nevada, on Teel's Marsh (opposite) and Columbus Marsh (right). In the view of Columbus, remains of Chinese dwellings are seen in the foreground. Below, pure borax crystals.*

were few and far between. A visit with another woman was a cherished treat for Rosie.

On a certain evening in 1880 they had a caller. He was Harry Spiller, a prospector who had just come from Teel's and Columbus Marshes in Esmeralda County, Nevada. He's on a search for a mineral they're cashing in on big up that way. Invited to take pot-luck he joined the Winters for dinner. Later, as he rocked in one of Rosie's rocking chairs and chatted, Aaron and Rosie moved up close, hungry for news. Rosie for bits concerning the woman's world. Aaron for mining and ranching news and Harry Spiller had interesting things to tell.

Had Aaron heard about the fortunes to be made from a white mineral called borax?

"Never heard of it," Aaron answered. "Where is it found? How do you know if it's borax? What do you do with it if you find it?"

Harry Spiller knew all the answers.

"It's found on ancient dry lake bottoms. The white crystals look like cottonball turned to mineral. There's such a demand for it it's worth thirty cents a pound. It's sold to plumbers and metal workers for flux. And to tanneries and factories that make enamel ware. They're even making medicine out of it. And soap. You'd be surprised."

"Who's doing this work on the marshes?" Aaron wants to know.

"Two brothers, Francis and Julius Smith have a big deposit on Teel's Marsh. The chemical name for the stuff is ulexite but the prospectors call it cottonball. It's tested by putting a sample in a saucer, or something flat, then pouring alcohol and sulphuric acid over it. If, when it's lit, it burns green, it's borax. A rich merchant from San Francisco, William T. Coleman, owned the first deposit on Columbus Marsh and he handles the borax for the Smiths. If you think you know where there's a deposit you better start staking claims. They could be worth money."

After good-nights had been exchanged and Harry Spiller retired to sleep in a hay stack, the Winters hurried to compare notes. They were of a single mind. The silky white stuff that powdered the floor of Death Valley in many directions just might be borax. They'd better investigate.

Next morning Harry Spiller was scarcely out of sight when they straddled their horses for a 50-mile ride.

Delicate little Rosie rode with her man across the appalling desolate wastes of a fantastic land created by wrenching, tumultuous earthquakes and volcanos belching mountains or swallowing them. The result of the frightful upheaval was a mighty chasm with a bottom far below sea level and towering flung-up mountain peaks crested with the beds of former lakes. Devoid of any vegetation or life, grotesque relics of mountains, distorted and bare, were strewn about on the desert's floor as if dumped from a huge funnel in the sky, to be left where they fell—a strange menagerie of freaks to attest to the fury of the earth's convulsions. Were the Winters afraid? Hardly. This land was their home.

When the day moved into afternoon they began to see signs of the stuff they had always considered ordinary, everyday salt or soda. Arriving at what later became the Furnace Creek Ranch they decided to camp here for the night.

Then after traipsing over the valley's floor to gather samples for their momentous experiment, they returned to their camp to await night.

Later, in the pitch-black darkness, this man and woman, dwarfed by the immensity of their surroundings, sat

with the sample in a saucer on a rock between them. Scratching a match on the rock, Aaron put the flame to the sample. Breathlessly, they watched.

The blaze took hold. It flickered. It burned green!

Hypnotized they gazed at the flickering flame.

At once they began to dream. Aaron saw that his adored, spunky mite of a Rosie would take life easier. They could hire an Indian squaw to help her. He'd buy rings for her fingers. And earrings and a watch and chain. Store furniture and carpets and a trip to the city to stay at a hotel and have their pictures taken. He'd try to sell the Ash Meadows place and find a ranch where he could run a real herd of cattle and have a garden and trees. He wondered if Charles Bennett would sell his Pahrump Ranch?

And Rosie's plans? She'd buy some new clothes. Dresses, with yards and yards of tiny ruffles, all fluted, and lace jabots and a new backcomb for her hair. And ribbons. Yes, and she'd throw away all those empty cosmetic bottles and buy new ones filled with the latest perfumes and lotions.

The magic stuff called borax would do all this. They were up before the sun in the morning staking claims in many directions. Then, they hurried home.

Soon thereafter, as a result of the little flame that burned green for the Winters, one of the most colorful chapters of American mining history would unfold — the era of borax in Death Valley.

**YEARS EARLIER — THE BEGINNING OF BORAX**

The story of this useful white mineral actually begins in 1856, when Dr. John Veatch visited Borax Lake in Tehama County, in northern California. According to some historians this lake was first known by its Indian name, Lake Kaysa, located in a district that became popular for its mineral spring health resorts. The foul smelling mineralized water and hot springs were supposed to have curative powers for rheumatic disorders.

No doubt there had been other white men in the area before Dr. Veatch but it was he who, after many trips, extending over several years, testing the mud and water, discovered that one of the minerals was borax. The market price for borax of 50¢ a pound offered a tantalizing promise.

Since much of the borax produced at the time was used as medicine, it wasn't surprising that two doctors, Dr. John A. Veatch and Dr. W. O. Ayers should become interested. They organized the California Borax Company to finance an operation and equip a plant to handle their product. Their first shipment, in 1864, of 12 tons valued at 39¢ a pound was the first borax ever produced on the American continent. When the price of borax dropped to 30¢ a pound importations promptly dropped off, too.

Until 1868 Veatch-Ayers and associates were the sole producers of borax in America and were well rewarded financially.

The manipulations of Fate in the lives of men brings some strange results. Seemingly unrelated events in history transpire without meaning, until some happening or discovery draws them together as though it had been planned from the beginning.

So it was with William T. Coleman's entry into the borax world.

In 1849, this 25-year old Kentuckian was working in the midwest. Because of his enormous drive and ambition, it wasn't in the cards that this adventurous young man would fail to hear the cry of "Gold!" which was screaming across the land from the newly discovered gold-plated streams in California. He lost no time in exchanging a humdrum life in the midwest for life on the exciting New Frontier.

In Sacramento he started merchandising in a small way. But not for long. In less than a year's time he moved to San Francisco and was, soon, one of San Francisco's most honored and trusted business men. In due time he became leader of the famed Vigilante Committee, pledged to establish law and order to replace lawlessness in the booming seaport town.

By the time of the Veatch-Ayers borax operations, when Coleman had become a man of much importance in western commerce, some of the Cali-

fornia Borax Company's business was bound to come his way. The result? He became deeply involved in everything relating to borax.

### BORAX IN NEVADA

In 1871 the borax scene shifted to Nevada.

In that year, a prospector, William Troup, arrived in Virginia City, hoping to pick up some of the gold that, it was said, paved the streets.

Mining camp saloons and boarding houses are hot beds of rumors, usually unfounded, of "big discoveries." Upon hearing the word "discovery" the prospector puts all restraint aside and confides what he has learned to a friend with fine exaggerated trimmings. His friend repeats what he has heard to a friend, with the same elaborations, and a potential boom is in the making.

Borax was the word that came to William Troup's ears. Possibly there was borax over on the dry lakes of Esmeralda County, Nevada, where some of the Comstockers had dug salt several years earlier to sell to the ore reduction mills.

Silver, not borax, was the magnet which first attracted a thin trickle of humanity to these Nevada marshes. Miners disappointed with their luck in Virginia City had opened up the rich camps of Bodie and Aurora in 1860, and others of the disgruntled had gravitated further south into Esmeralda in search of silver.

Early in the 1860s, promising deposits had been found near Columbus Flat. Simultaneously, rich stores of salt were identified at Columbus and nearby Rhodes (then called Virginia) Flats and a thriving salt trade began. Loads were hauled to the mills at Virginia City, Austin, and later to Belmont, to be used in processing ore.

Now Troup picked up the borax rumor and, in 1871, high-tailed it down to the God-forsaken place and found, sure enough, that the marshes were sprinkled with a white mineral that answered the description of what he was looking for. When his sample burned green he hustled around to obtain a housewife's washboiler in which he boiled and dissolved his samples. When, as the solution cooled, pure borax crystalized, he lost no time in locating claims on Columbus Marsh.

He took his discovery to a man with money and vision and William T. Coleman, borax dealer, became William T. Coleman, borax producer, at Columbus Marsh in 1872. Now, as Troup faded from the scene, the manipulations of Fate were about to bring together two men who would shortly dominate the industry — William T. Coleman and Francis Marion Smith.

While Coleman and Smith were destined to play the lead in the Great Borax Drama, there were others whose names would also be engraved on the Scroll of Borax History, among them—Isadore Daunet and John and Dennis Searles.

Isadore Daunet, a Frenchman, was unfortunate in that the borax samples he first picked up were neglected and forgotten in a thirst-crazed struggle for life he and five others made in order to survive when caught in the cauldron of Death Valley's heat in 1875.

**ANOTHER PIONEER — SEARLES**

Years before, in 1863, courageous, intelligent gold-prospector and grizzley bear hunter, John Searles, unknowingly began his march into borax history.

Leading his pack train he tramped across the marsh southwest of Death Valley which would later bear his name and become Searles Lake, the world's greatest storehouse of saline minerals. The delicate beauty of the mineral whose splintered crystals turned a dry lake, ten miles long and five miles wide, into a blinding blaze of light, slowed his footsteps. He often stopped to examine the surface which he had been told contained some borax. Little dreaming that a fortune lay under his feet, he trudged on in search of gold. With his brother, Dennis, Searles located some claims in the Slate Range which they thought warranted the building of a small mill. Unfortunately, this was at a time when the Indians and whites in Inyo County, California, were at loggerheads, and the Indians burned the Searles mill to the ground before it crushed a pound of ore. They never rebuilt.

"The man with the evil eye" the Indians called John Searles. His "evil eye" was the consequence of a tussle with some marauding Paiutes who had raided his camp when he was away. Returning to camp and finding his mules gone and his camp a shambles he immediately suspected the Indians and prepared to start in pursuit in spite of the warnings of his friends that he would be killed. "I'm gettin' my mules," was his answer as he armed himself with his rifle and two pistols, to fight, if necessary, to recover his property.

A fusillade of arrows greeted him when he met up with the Indians in the

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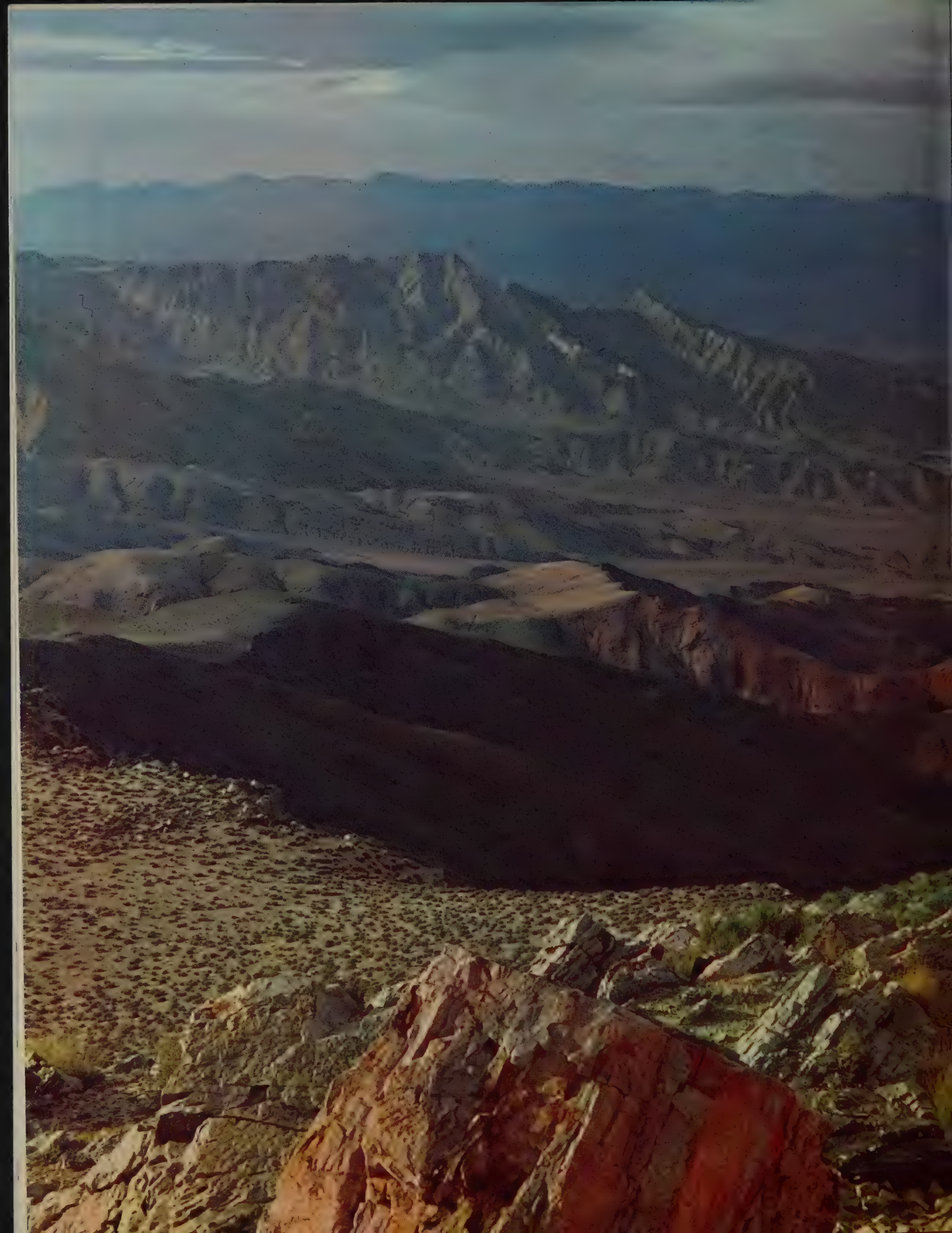
*One of the strangest places in the world, yet one of the most beautiful, Death Valley is seen in four contemporary views taken by David Muench, well-known West Coast photographer. Eroded clay formations, a riot of geological color called the Artist's Palette, and the weathered Panamint range (on the center pages, following) — all are caught by Muench's camera.*



Slate Mountains. Fighting them, single-handed, he killed many and the rest ran away. But John Searles had a horrible memento. An arrow in his eye. Jerking it out he went on to recover his mules but to lose his eye. Hence, the name of "Evil Eye."

This was the caliber of the man who had set his hopes on finding a gold mine. He tramped across the Panamints and descended into Death Valley—the "Land on Fire" or the "Death Trap" as it was called by many who had sorrowfully lost dear ones there; and yet, according to historian John R. Spears, "A land of paradoxes and wonders." Spears left us a wonderful word picture of the valley.

"Death Valley!" he wrote, "a gruesome story of a rugged country. Yet, nature if it has been unkind in a way, has been lavish in her gifts to this desert pit. Well has the Valley been named, and yet, for more than half the year it is one of the healthiest spots on the Pacific Coast. It is a place where rain storms are well-nigh unknown, and yet where the effects of cloud bursts are almost unparalleled. It is the hottest spot on earth, and yet ice often forms there. It is a place where the air becomes so arid men have died through lack of moisture when water in abundance was at hand, and yet, the stopping place of hundreds of geese, ducks and other migrating water-fowl.

"It is a land of whirligigs that desert people call sandaugers. Astonishingly slender, in form, they rise writhing and twisting, sometimes a mile in the air, with a faint puff at top and a slight spread at the base, away they go, sagging and swaying hither and thither, until suddenly vanishing from sight, leaving nothing to show where they have been. They had simply disappeared, ghost-like. No wonder the desert Paiutes believe witches and supernatural powers are in the Death Valley air.

"The most striking of all is the panorama of the sandwaves in the Amaragosa Valley. Jutting out from the mountains on the further side of the Valley, out directly across the path of the sandwaves, is a row of black, lava peaks from five-hundred to seven-hundred feet high. It is as if these peaks had suddenly been thrown up there as a barrier to check the sandy tide, but the sandwaves have simply gone up on the weather side of the barrier, up and up and up, until they have broken over the highest peaks and have tumbled in a smother and froth, white as foam, down

*Left, massive yet graceful — sand dunes photographed by David Muench.*

the lee side of the reef."

This was the land John Searles left behind for the wonder and majesty of the Sierra where he would hunt for grizzlies and his hoped-for gold mine. Perhaps, he thought, it was over the next ridge. But he never found it.

The year was now 1872. Through fate's manipulations the net was drawing tighter. Two of the greats of the Borax World were about to meet.

John Searles' migrations brought him out of the Sierra onto the marshes of Esmeralda County, Nevada, and there he watched Francis Marion Smith's operation on one of the least promising looking spots in the world, Teel's salt marsh, stretching its glistening miles across the desert. As he watched, his memory went back to 1863 when he had tramped over what he had considered just such a "wasteland" over on the other side of Death Valley. As he watched the work and listened to Francis Marion Smith's robust optimism about the future of the product this "wasteland" was producing, he began to wonder how smart he was to be hunting for gold when Smith said his product was bringing 80 cents a pound retail.

Eighty cents a pound!

John Searles' course of action was determined on the spot. If his memory and judgment were right, the lake where he had examined the splintered crystals was a "gold mine" compared to this. John Searles started out on high for the place he had tossed off as useless nine years before.

With his brother, Dennis, Searles organized the San Bernardino Borax Mining Company in 1873. Having filed a claim on the northern end of the dry lake, they built a plant near where the present city of Trona grew up. Although he did not realize his luck at the time, Searles was sitting on one of the richest deposits of diversified chemicals ever developed. Production the first year was said to have been a million pounds.

John Searles' next project was a search for pure water which was found about seven miles away. It supplied water for the plant and for "The Garden," the name he gave the home he built there.

The San Bernardino Borax Mining Company's way was not an easy one. There were problems to be met at every turn — heat problems, transportation problems and others, but the company operated on a large scale, until the time of John Searles' death in 1898, when it was bought by F. M. Smith for $200,000 and became a unit in the expanding Pacific Coast Borax Company. The Searles Lake plant was closed down, but the font of borax and associated minerals will go on producing for a long time. How long? No one knows.

It is quite amazing that the borax era would produce three such remarkable men as John W. Searles, William T. Coleman and Francis Marion Smith.

**SMITH ENTERS THE PICTURE — 1872**

Smith was 26 years old when he struck out from his home in Wisconsin in answer to the call, "Go West, young man!" It took him five years to get from Wisconsin to Nevada but they were fruitful years. He learned the ways of prospectors. He earned enough money to put some "by his side" and to buy some mules. Above all, he learned to work with the sturdiest.

The manipulations of Fate saw to it that he landed at—of all places—Columbus Marsh, Esmeralda County, Nevada. There he saw the miles of white marsh spreading across the desert to the foothills. When he heard that the "white stuff" was cottonball and had to be boiled to be refined, he at once realized that fuel would become a commodity and fuel was what there was the least of on the barren, treeless mountains and desert. Smith immediately struck out to prospect not for borax but for fuel, fuel in the form of heavy sage and brush, to sell to W. T. Coleman and the mines around Columbus, Aurora and Candelaria, Nevada.

Finding a so-called wood ranch, he bought it, acquired more mules for transportation and soon was in business for himself. Rapidly he developed a string of wood ranches and hired a large gang of choppers.

Born with an unquenchable curiosity, Smith had to see and find out everything for himself; naturally, he had to climb the hills surrounding Columbus Marsh to see what was on the other side. He was rewarded. Over to the southwest another dry lake sparkled on the desert, Teel's Marsh.

Taking two choppers he set off to make tests of the surface. They seemed to be rich in borax. Making a preliminary location, they gathered samples which were delivered to an assayer at Columbus. By now, with borax so profitable, Smith realized the probable importance of his find. Loading a pack animal with gear for a temporary camp he returned to the marsh with some choppers to locate ground. After assigning the men to the work he struck out to make the rounds of his wood ranches. On his way he picked up the certificate of analysis from the assayer. It reported the sample as the finest specimen of borate of soda to be found up to that time.

Smith, now fully alerted to the value of his discovery, hurried to Columbus Marsh to enlist the help of some friends, loaded up with fresh supplies and lost no time getting back to Teel's to do locating in earnest. Uneasy concern put wings on his feet when he thought of the possibility of a leak from the assayer's office. His hunch proved to have substance. Guided by the light of the campfire started by the men he had left on the Marsh he pushed on to arrive at the camp near midnight. He found a friend of the assayer's had arrived ahead of him and was there chatting with his men. He had been sent out to do some locating. Smith saw at once

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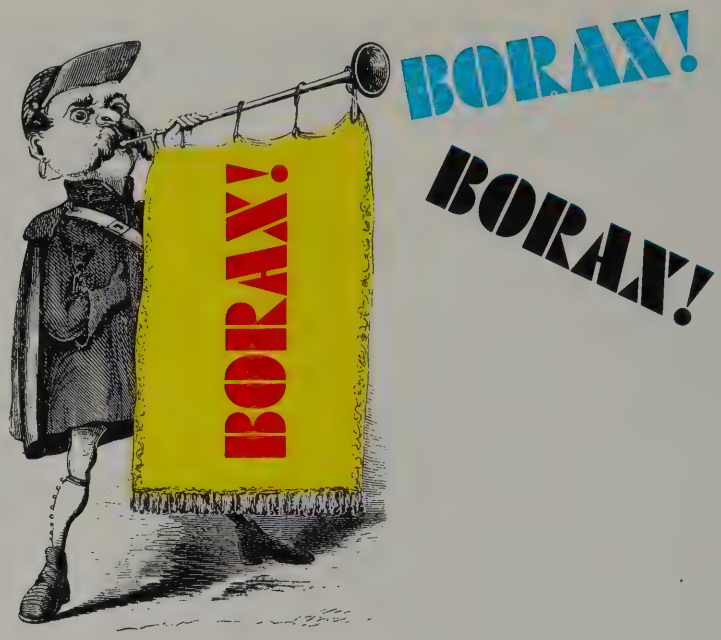



Borax is excellent for washing carriages and also useful in curing epilepsy and bunions.

Borax is good for cleaning cashmeres, polishing gems and preventing cream from souring.

Borax added to drinking water prevents diphtheria, lung fever and nervous headaches. Borax shampoos postpone or delay the loss of mental faculties among the elderly.

Extravagant claims? Not at all—when you remember they were made in the Golden Age of Innocence, that period overlapping both sides of the century line, when America was ready to listen and believe. And to try anything.

It was an age when Advertising was becoming not only an industry, but a respected science. It was the beginning of the Consumer Era, a time when the kitchen was turning into a high-powered, functional thing, a time when folks had loose money in their pockets and weren't sure how to spend it. It was a time not too far removed from the tradition of the medicine man, the itinerant peddler, the carpet bagger. No wonder, in view of the curiosity and peculiar willingness of the period, those borax slogans were sure to catch hold.

America maybe didn't believe *all* it heard about borax. But America listened without feeling put upon—and borax went like wildfire.

"Borax" Smith was the genius who saw how to do it. "Borax" Smith had on hand an absolutely inexhaustible supply of a common white mineral that had been around for centuries—the Babylonians, for example, used borax flux to weld their jewelry. Egyptians probably used it to preserve their dead. Borax glazes were used by the ancient Chinese.

But Smith managed to make it sound as if borax had been invented the day before. All he had to do was package it, add a label to the box and peddle it.

Smith was no amateur. He parlayed the 20-mule team into one of the most powerful trademarks ever conceived. He drove a 20-mule team down Manhattan's Fifth Avenue and hit the headlines all over the country. He invented uses for his product that would shatter the ears of the deafest of today's hard-sell admen, and make them blush to boot.

The day of the borax ad—alas—is gone, and with it some of that wonderful brashness, unbounded determination and limitless optimism that propelled an earlier, less cynical generation of Americans.

ONE
POUND
20
MULE TEAM
BRAND
PURE
BORAX
POWDERED
FOR FAMILY USE
PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
NEW YORK - CHICAGO - SAN FRANCISCO.

BORAX IS KING
20 MULE TEAM
BORAX
BORAX BILL JR.
20
Softens Water
Removes dirt
Cleanses-Whitens
Clothes
Ask Dealer
for Booklet
20 MULE TEAM
BORAX
SOAP
20 MULE TEAM
PACKAGE
BORAX

*You think babies and big lettering couldn't sell borax? They did, of course — by the ton! — in ads which today are regarded as classics in the art of merchandising. They're out of style now but not out of mind. Advertising designers still cautiously sneak ideas from them — cautiously because if they go too far the ad becomes, in adman lingo, "borax." But watch carefully. With Tiffany lamps and French telephones once again the rage, borax-looking ads may be just around the corner.*

*Speaking of borax, what ever happened to it? It's still around, an important ingredient in glass, leather tanning and photographic chemicals, enamel, soaps, fertilizers and herbicides, and dozens of other products. Borax is very much in business.*

COTTONBALL FOR ROSIE Continued from page 33

how he would handle the situation.

Greetings over, Smith's intruder put the question: Where was Teel's Marsh? Smith, all cooperation, explained that while he wasn't sure about the name, there was an alkali flat about twenty miles away that might be the one he was looking for. In the morning he'd send a man who was familiar with the entire district with him and they could investigate.

Next morning the "spy" was sent on a wild goose chase with one of Smith's choppers as a guide. They were gone three days. Needless to say, there was some tall locating done during those three days.

When, several days later, the assayer himself arrived, Smith actually found him some good ground and let him claim it. This act bespoke the generous character of the man—an unyielding fighter where his rights were concerned but game when in the winner's seat. The future was to hold rewards and disappointments for Francis Marion Smith that would make the man a giant in the borax world.

When word of the rich find on Teel's Marsh filtered through to the outside, Smith's troubles really began—changes in the laws governing the location of claims, claim jumpers, a drop in the price of borax, the high cost of transportation to a point 25 miles distant over a primitive road. It took a man of iron will to succeed.

Soon as possible, through his brother, Julius, arrangements were made with a Chicago concern to build a plant and the production of borax began. The Smith Brothers finally obtained sole control of Teel's Marsh.

Now, borax having become the sole motivating factor in his life, Smith bought out his brother's interest in Teel's Marsh and shortly thereafter, because Coleman recognized him as a forward-looking, energetic and intelligent man, he acquired an interest in Coleman's Columbus Marsh. This freed Coleman to devote more attention to his now mammoth business holdings. The two men—Coleman, producer and marketer, and Smith, producer—would work together.

#### BORAX IN DEATH VALLEY

With the borax industry established firmly on the Nevada marshes the action now moved, in 1880, southwest into Death Valley—to the spot where the test flame burned green for Aaron and Rosie Winters. When they returned home from their prospecting jaunt into Death Valley they scurried around to find the scrap of paper on which Aaron had written the name of the borax dealer given to them by Harry Spiller. Locating it, they lost no time in sending a letter and a sample to William T. Coleman in San Francisco and Coleman, in turn forwarded them to Smith asking for his opinion. Smith's enthusiasm prompted Coleman to send his agent, William Robertson with credentials, to buy if the property proved up to their expectations.

If Robertson thought Aaron Winters would be a pushover he was in for a surprise. According to W. O. Weight's **Twenty Mule Teams In Death Valley,** Mr. Robertson met a "tough-fibered man, short in stature, stout in frame, dark-haired and with a full florid face, past sixty years of age, but well-preserved—in fact—in every way a rugged frontiersman. He was slow of speech; somewhat reserved and unapproachable in manner, but, a hearty, square man; bluff, brave and generous."

William Robertson came primed to ask many questions about the size of the deposit; its location; how near to transportation; supplies, water, fuel; title. The picture he got was of a place 165 miles from supplies. Water nearby. Whatever fuel the desert afforded. And that Aaron owned several hundred unmonumented, unsurveyed, unrecorded acres.

"Unrecorded?" Robertson protested. "What would I be buying?"

"My right of discovery. It would take you years to find this place. In fact, its an even bet you'd never find it." Aaron quickly countered.

He had appeared so disarmingly naive this shrewdness caused Robertson to take another hard look at him.

"Have you set a price on this right of discovery of yours?" he queried.

"I'll show you where it is for $20,000. Then it's up to you to establish your own title." The frankness of the offer plus the assay sheets' optimistic report helped to make up Robertson's mind for him. After some thoughtful consideration he answered.

"Okay, Mr. Winters, my company will pay you $20,000, sight unseen, and trust it isn't in the bottom of Death Valley."

"That's exactly where it is," Winters chuckled.

Early next morning Aaron took Robertson to examine his Death Valley claims. When they returned to Ash Meadows, Robertson gave Winters a bank draft for $20,000.

Later, when they were alone, Aaron and Rosie exploded with joy. They were rich! This windfall would give them a whirl in the city, jewelry and clothes for Rosie—and perhaps even title to Charles Bennett's Pahrump Ranch. Now he had the money. If Bennett would sell, he would buy. And he did.

In 1882 when Coleman & Smith sent R. G. Neuenschwander down to their new holdings with a crew and machinery for a plant they were aghast to discover Aaron had filed on the Furnace Creek water rights. When he was accused of a bit of double-dealing he quietly replied.

"Water rights were never mentioned. I sold my right of discovery and the secret of where it was. Besides, I filed on the water rights because I expect to build a ranch on Furnace Creek and I'll need the water for my land and house. There's other water not too far away you can use."

Aaron was paid $2,500 for his rights on Furnace Creek—certainly, little enough considering what water was worth in Death Valley at the time, but Aaron and Rosie were satisfied. This windfall — $22,500 — was more money than they had ever dreamed of owning. They settled down to ease and comfort on the Pahrump Ranch and it was good that they did, for after a couple of years Rosie's frail body developed tuberculosis and she slipped away leaving a lonely, broken-hearted Aaron.

Needless to say, the news that a combination as important as Coleman and Smith had invested in Death Valley borax stirred up plenty of excitement, and, Isadore Daunet hearing about it, remembered the "something" he had picked up on the floor of the valley at the time his party fought for their lives in 1875.

#### THE RISE AND FALL OF EAGLE BORAX

He immediately contacted Gilbert Clemons, in San Francisco, Myron Harmon in Darwin and two other friends, J. M. McDonald and C. C. Blanch. Late in 1880 they filed on 260 acres and formed a company to be known as the Eagle Borax Company. Locating acreage north of Bennetts Well, they dug for water at a nearby spring and hauled in equipment for a plant at great cost. This operation, along with the hardships of transportation, practically doomed their venture to failure from the start.

What they had considered to be a simple procedure — boiling the crude mass to dissolve the borax so that upon cooling it would crystalize on the rods—was far from simple. They had to contend with Death Valley's heat during the summer months and since they had no way of cooling the solution, they had to close down the operation during those months. Their technical knowledge being inadequate, their product fell so far below standard it barely paid expenses. Yet, they struggled along for

a couple of seasons.

To make a bad matter worse for Daunet he married a San Francisco woman who didn't like Death Valley. The poor man called the whole thing off; and when, upon going to San Francisco to visit his wife he was served with a divorce summons, he jumped out of his hotel window.

After Isadore Daunet's demise, the Eagle Borax Company ceased to function. W. T. Coleman bought it to keep it from falling into competitive hands. All that remains of Isadore Daunet's brave dream today is a rusty old boiler discarded near Bennetts Well.

In the meantime, Coleman's plant, with Francis Marion Smith heading a staff of hard-working, practical men, was making steady progress. They named their operation The Harmony Borax Works. Many have wondered but no one has explained who thought of such a name for such a spot. Starting from scratch they built living quarters for the men, piped water from Furnace Creek for both the plant and houses and planted cottonwood and willow trees to help solve the heat problem in the summer. Barbed wire fences began to march across a land being whipped into shape for so-called civilization. The problem of transportation presented a formidable task.

It was decided that a road to the railroad at Mohave was essential. The route planned was down the valley, through Windy Gap in the lower end of the Panamints and thence over the desert to Mohave. Fifty Chinese were brought from Teel's and Columbus Marshes and put to work with sledge hammers to break down the knife-edged pinnacles of salt which made the surface impossible for either man or mule. The result was a road a mule could get a footing on. C. B. Glasscock commented on the road in his book, **Here's Death Valley.**

"There was no doubt of its solidity. F. M. Smith's scientific curiosity, operating through steel drills, eventually was to discover that the roadbed was more than one thousand feet thick. Precisely how much more has not been determined. It was F. M. Smith's tools, not his curiosity, that stopped at a thousand. And the story is told that many years later when Smith was passing that way he was still tempted to see just how deep the salt bed was."

When the road was finished Death Valley was finally linked with the outside world. Death Valley's privacy was no more. Death Valley and civilization would have to learn to live together.

Meanwhile Harmony Borax Works had become a producer and shipper. Chinese harvested the cottonball by shoveling it into sleds attached to a rope a hundred feet or more long. When the sled was full it was snaked along by the rope to where it was tranferred to two-wheeled carts and delivered to the plant. There it was boiled. The mesquite brush and greasewood used for fuel was grubbed out and cut by Panamint Indians. They dug the sand away to expose the roots, then hooked a team on to pull out the root which was often 40 to 50 feet long. The workers called it desert hay.

By now a Death Valley summer was

*One of the famous 20-mule teams and (above), one of the engines that took over the hauling job.*

just around the corner which meant there would be the problem of cooling the tanks. It could be the operation would have to close down during the hot months.

Who but Aaron Winters would bring a solution?

Two men, Parks and Ellis, came to Aaron's Pahrump Ranch with some stuff they thought might be borax. Aaron knew just one type of the mineral, cottonball, and this stuff, apart from being white, was different from anything he had seen.

Leaving the sample with Aaron the men went their way. When night came Aaron put it to the test. It burned green. When Parks and Ellis returned they agreed to show Aaron where they had obtained the sample and he, in turn, would try to find a buyer. They would split whatever money they received three ways. Aaron, having an "in" with the Coleman people, took it directly to them with the result that Ellis, Parks and Winters each received a check for $5,000.00 and Coleman had a new plant in the Amargosa Valley's 110-degree heat—cool compared to Death Valley's 130-degree summer heat. Everyone was winner. The mineral world had a new borax, Colemanite, named for W. T. Coleman; he had a new company at Amargosa, the Meridian Borax Company. For the moment, at least, W. T. Coleman was master of the borax world.

Now prospectors came from every direction with discoveries of new deposits of Colemanite and Coleman bought them all.

In 1886 the business world was stunned by the news that 62-year-old W. T. Coleman's financial empire had crashed and was forced into bankruptcy. Friends and business adversaries alike felt for this man whose honor, even in bankruptcy, shone brightly. Immediately, all creditors were paid forty cents on the dollar and before his death in 1893 every dollar owed was paid in full.

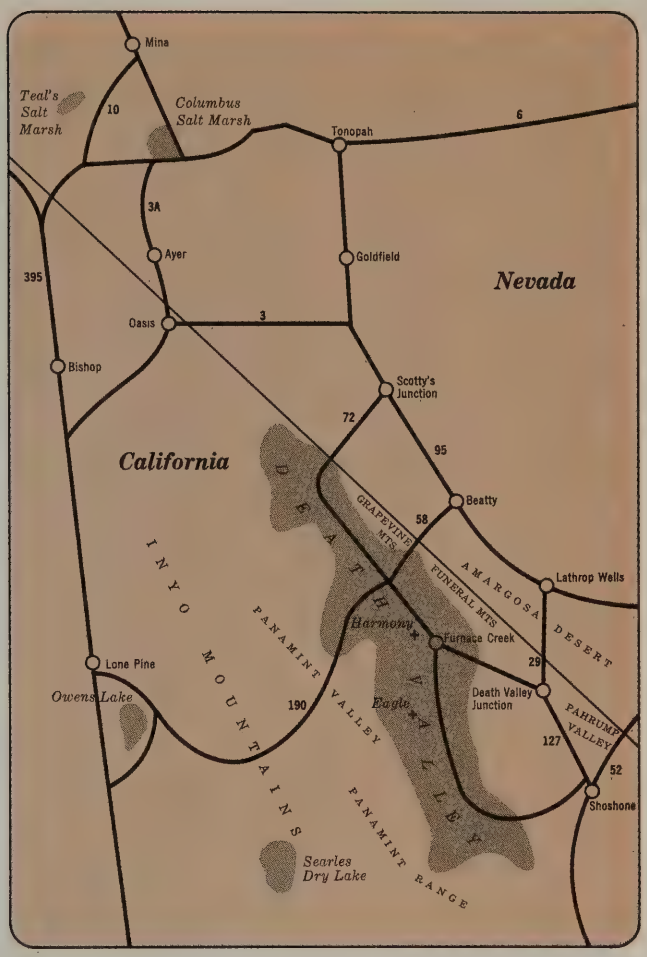
In March, 1890, Francis Marion Smith acquired the Coleman borax properties, consisting of the Harmony and Amargosa plants, the Death Valley properties, the new colemanite claims and the Calico Mine.

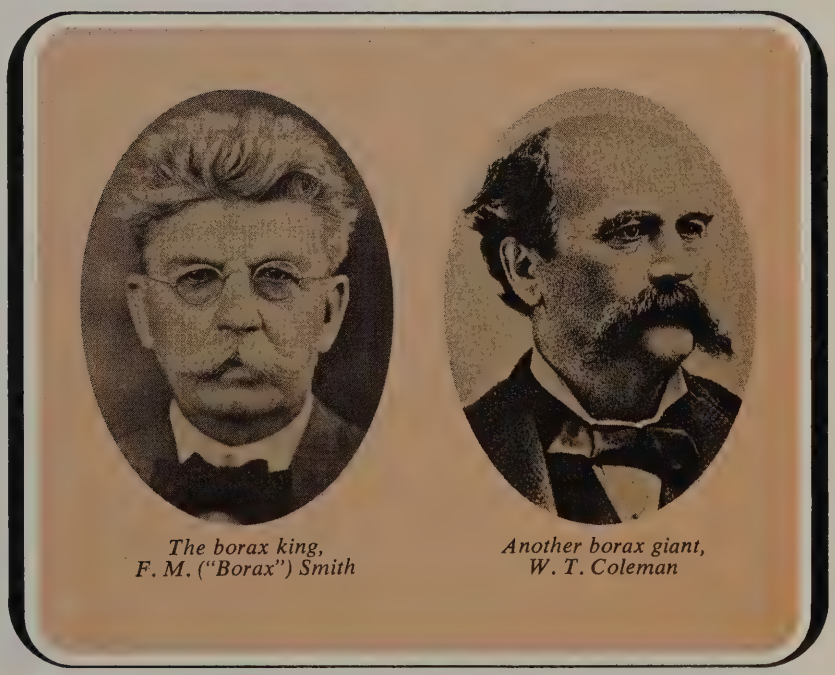
In September, 1890, a new corporation was formed and named The Pacific Coast Borax Company, Francis Marion Smith, President.

"Borax" Smith had arrived!

"Borax" Smith whose fertile brain conceived ideas faster than he could carry them out, determined to use Death Valley's symbol—the Twenty-Mule Team—to make the whole country borax conscious.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48



*The borax king, F. M. ("Borax") Smith*

*Another borax giant, W. T. Coleman*

# BERLIN

Nevada's Berlin, unlike that other one in anything except name, is a ghost.

Nevada's Berlin, a town of battered, wooden buildings, a member of the Austin-Ione-Belmont string of mining camps, is more fortunate than most of its former neighbors in that it is still standing.

Slumbering for decades, Berlin began what might be called a revival 12 years ago when Dr. Charles L. Camp, paleontologist from the University of California, uncovered the petrified remains of ancient sea-going mammals in Union Canyon, just south of Berlin. As a result of Dr. Camp's efforts the unique Ichthyosaur Paleontological State Monument was established and Berlin, near the entrance to the park, became a tourist attraction in its own right.

*From its perch on the slopes of the Shoshone Range, Berlin commands a sweeping view over the valley below. The town is about 55 miles south of Austin, can be reached from Austin or via the shorter road from Gabbs. Opposite—these two feathery youngsters in a corner of their well-ventilated bedroom.*

First settled around 1863, Berlin never flourished as did its near neighbors, Ione the first Nye County seat, and Grantsville to the south which claimed a population of 1,000 in the eighties. Berlin's course was slower but steadier. Around the turn of the century the Nevada Mining Company bought the property and built a large mill there which operated for several decades. Because it was owned and protected through the years by the company, Berlin has endured. Today there is a good possibility that the state may acquire the property, create a park at Berlin which would complement the Ichthyosaur Monument, restore the old town and keep it in business for many generations hence.

*Below and opposite, two studies of the old mill in Berlin, most prominent of the town's weather-worn buildings. Berlin had a postoffice from 1900 to 1918, the period of greatest prosperity. Today the nearest mail pickup is at Ione, five miles north, where a few families still live. Nothing at all remains of Grantsville or other old camps in the vicinity. Residing in Berlin is Harold Newman, Park Commission employee who, with his wife, Dorothy, keeps an eye on the town and welcomes visitors to the park.*

DR. ANDERSON Continued from page 23

me of nearly the whole route of my companions.

**SATURDAY, FEB. 7** — Rather a windy day. Six physicians here and no patients.

**SUNDAY, FEB. 8** — A little snow fell this morning. The wind is cold, but not dissagreeable. Methodist preacher was very sure of the people of this country, said they were the most devoted worshippers of monies he ever saw. How can it be otherwise when the only inducement to come here is to make money. But few indeed have any idea of remaining here.

**FEB. 9** — Today is mild and spring like. It is thought we will have a mint here. Quite a number of persons are arriving every day from California and the prospect is good for the coming season.

**TUES., MORN.** — Fine clear morning. There is wisdom in sagebrush. I have learned some of it, when I landed in Carson I was struck in the first place with the immense numbers of well dressed and leisurely looking individuals. Clothes in satin and silk flowed past me in profusion. I thought to myself where there are so many gentlemen and ladies so elegantly dressed and apparently so rich, I might stand a good chance to be one of them. Everybody in fact seemed "flush." Clerks would pass every minute tossing carelessly in their hands great yellow 20$ and the stores appeared to be crowded with goods and customers, and great bars of precious metal were thrown carelessly into the coaches to send to the mint. As I said, I have become somewhat sage too. A large majority of these well dressed men are gamblers and rum sellers. They can afford to dress richly and appear leisurely. The women but I will not offend that purity of thought, inspired by the word women to call them such. Those forms in the garments of women are found to be on a par with the men—dissipated and worse than dissipated. Still these are the ones who make the greatest show of style in dress.

Yet I suppose I ought to be thankful for some of the things. A good share of the physicians business come from this miserable state of society. Many young men have come to me with some little ailment, but when the truth was known their systems had been poisoned and health ruined forever. How vividly is the state of these young men described in Proverbs VII. I cannot help deeply pitying them. Some of them have shed great tears of sorrow when I have told them "that it is for life." They can only be alleviated, hardly cured. I have learned also that the stores have a large stock of goods, mostly liquors, and that the 20$ are generally of the sales of that article. A large share of the freight that crosses the mountains is whiskey, of course I do not intimate that many other occupations are not prosperous but supplies that one and half the business of merchants in this Territory would be gone.

**THURS., FEB. 12** — It snows. Last night it commenced on the mountains and this morning it comes down real old fashioned. There are two inches on the ground now.

**MONDAY, FEB 16** — Today has been blowing "cats and dogs." This evening it is snowing magnificently.

**FEB. 19** — Our weather now is not very pleasant. It snows on the mountains nearly all the time and the mails come in very seldom and irregularly. Last night we had snow about 2 inches.

Last night our jailbirds all got and left. They played strategy with the jailor, got him to open the door, seized him, gagged him, locked him in and left. A new jail is about finished and the innocents thought it might be a little too strong for them. Thus "justice hath fled the dogs."

**FEB. 21** — Rather a blue day, clear, cold, windy, cloudy, rain, hail and snow intermixed with mud in the streets and smoke in the store.

The floating population seem to be ready for the annual migration to some mining region. It matters not where so there is a rush that way. They have become so used to the ever lasting search for a "rich strike" that like the pigeons and black birds the approach of spring is an admonition to be off. Most of them return worse in pocket than when they started. Others remain to form a nucleus for a new settlement.

**SUN., MARCH 1, 1863** —The last two days have been clear, calm and warm as spring. Yesterday I took a walk to the foot of the mountains up to the snow line. I was alone. I prefer to walk alone unless I can have company to suit me. I heard a bird sing the first of the season.

**MONDAY, MARCH 2** — This is a beautiful spring morning. Yesterday I went eight miles into the country horseback to see a patient. It was a pleasant ride. In the valley it was warm as summer, but as I ascended the mountain up Clear Creek Canyon I soon came to snow and ice in the road. Up there it was comfortable with an overcoat which I took the precaution to wear. Nevertheless, I took a little cold.

**WED., MARCH 4** — Today I was called to see a sick boy in town. His father is a Mr. Higgins who used to teach music in Beloit some 10 years ago, one of the "Higgins family of singers." They have been living here a year or two. Mr. H. is now in Placerville in California teaching music and his wife lives here and teaches music. She is a very nice little woman and a good teacher. They are very poor.

**THURS., MARCH 5** — We have good news for Carson this morning. Congress has passed a bill

for a Mint in Nevada. I think this will fix Carson as the Capitol permanently.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 6** — Mrs. Phillips last evening gave her baby 10 drops of laudanum by mistake. They were very much frightened. I was up until midnight. Fortunately it threw up the contents of its stomach. This morning it is in a fair way to recover. I have had all I could do today professionally, Dr. Wayman is to be absent for a day or two and placed his patients in my hands until he should return. I do it as a favor to him. The few patients of my own, and his kept me walking most all day. The wind has blown all day, fitful gale.

**TUES., MARCH 10TH** — A beautiful day. Took a stroll this morning. Found some wild flowers, very small. Collected some plants and insects for my aquarium. Also some green growing plants for a box to keep in my office. In a county where green things are so scarce, it is a good thing to have something green besides ones self to look at.

**WED., MARCH 11** — We are not to be admitted as a state yet. The bill failed to become a law.

**SUNDAY, MARCH 15, 1863** — Splendid spring weather. Everybody seems to be coming over from California. The stages 3 or 4 each day cannot bring half the people that want to come. It seems like folly for me to go against the tide to California. This seems to be the land of promise. But few, however, stay in Carson. There seems to be a place still further east where the migration is tending. Like squirrels that we read of or the pigeons that we know of these migrations are instinctive. The people move, they know not why and they walk not where. It may be said, that they seek for mines and wealth. This is the ostensible reason. But underneath there is something else. You remember what Thoreau has said, "A faint shadow flits across the landscape of the mind cast by the wings of some thought in its vernal or autumnal migration. It is the human race returning to wildness again."

"Wildness is the preservation of the World." I think it is providence that moves. He is the thought that casts the shadow of its wings. He impells the people to move.

Do you know that yesterday my old coat and pants which have been very constant and only companions ever since the day I landed here and I had a slight disagreement. I had been silently darning them for sometime but yesterday we came to an open rupture. I couldn't stand it any longer. The rents were too enormous. I went to a clothing store and invested 35$ in coat, vest and pants. I was surprised at the cheapness of ready made clothing. It is as cheap here as in Minnesota or California, and so I thought it was folly for me to go ragged any longer. I had intended buying nothing until going over the mountains, but I had the "outs" so badly that I could not go to meetings any longer. I'm a gentleman again.

Won't you come and kiss me. I have a pocket in my coat for a pack of cards and a pocket in my pants for a dagger. These are made for the use of gamblers or "Sports" as they are mildly called this way. I still have Savery's revolver. So you see I'm becoming a "sport." But I have no occasion to carry either. I have possession of a sword cane, which I carry at night to keep off dogs.

**MARCH 22, 1863** — The children here are naturally full and running over with life. Most of them have crossed the plains, or been used to the rough way of living in California, consequently what they lack in refinement is made up in muscle and vivacity.

I have been here now nearly 7 months and with exceptions of occasional winds have never seen 7 months more pleasant weather. We do not have to depend on rascally paper money and the ups and downs of banks. Gold and silver is our only currency. Next to war the greatest evil is paper money.

**MARCH 27, 1863** — I had just mailed a letter last Tuesday when I was startled by a span of horses running away as hard as they could dash down the street. I at once started for my office for I knew they belonged to a Mr. Jones whose family I had been attending at various times since my arrival here. The old gentleman and wife with a daughter had come up to see me and get medicine and advice. They reside near Genoa and their daughter in law crossed the plans with me last fall. Thy had nearly reached the drug store, when their horses took fright became unmanageable and begun to run. The carriage was upset and the old lady was severely injured and the old man considerably bruised. When I reached the store the old lady to all appearances was dying.

They had carried her in and a great crowd was collected. As soon as I could I had her taken into the office and she began to revive. Her face was terribly torn. After dressing the wound she was carried to a private house and I have been in attendance with Dr. Tjader ever since. She is still speechless and helpless, but appears to be slowly recovering. She is quite old and I fear will not fully recover at least for a great while.

**MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1863, EVENING** — Rev. Mr. Rising, Episcopal, held services this evening, I attended. He is pastor of church in Virginia City. I think they are about organizing a church here.

For 5 or 6 days the weather has been the most delightful, but the nights are cold. Vegetation does not grow much yet. Mrs. Jones is improving. As yet I have lost but one patient and he was a drunken fellow. The mining excitement grows every day. The crowd from California and other places increases. Few however, stop at Carson, they go on to

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 55

The Episcopal Church was organized on November 9, 1863.

COTTONBALL FOR ROSIE Coninued from page 41

### THE FAMOUS TRADEMARK

This raises the question: Who first thought of or drove the first twenty-mule team?

There are many differing versions of happenings in Death Valley's early borax days but on this question the historians agree.

Ed Stiles of San Bernardino was the man.

Ed Stiles literally grew up driving horses and mules. By the time he was 20 years old he was driving freight teams to the rip-snorting mining camps of Bodie, Aurora and Virginia City. There was no such thing to Ed Stiles as an impassable road. If his animals could get a footing and if the wheels of his wagon would turn, the road was okay. What could be more natural than that he should land in Death Valley hauling borax?

For a freighting contractor, Jim McLaughlin, Ed was driving a twelve-mule team, hauling machinery from a dismantled mill in Aurora to Virginia City. One day Jim McLaughlin told him he had contracted to do some work for the Eagle Borax Company in Death Valley, transporting borax from the Eagle Borax plant to Daggett. On his next trip Ed would go to Bishop Creek, from there to Lone Pine and on to Darwin. From there he could find his way to Postoffice Springs and on to Wingate Pass. Follow through Wingate Pass into Death Valley and 30 or 40 miles north he'd come to the Eagle plant. True, it was 300 of the God-forsakenest, most desolate desert miles a man ever tackled. Most of it had never known crunch of wheel or stamp of foot, either human or animal. But an unperturbed Ed Stiles pulled up at his destination without a complaint.

Such a freighting outfit, making long trips, carried a crew of two men. The skinner and the swamper. The skinner was the boss. The swamper took care of the animals and was the outfit's housekeeper. The round trip from Daggett to Eagle Borax was about 250 miles. They hauled borax to the railroad and general supplies back. To keep from getting bored Ed took them on little off-beat trips up canyons. One day he met a representative of the Coleman Company who was so impressed with Ed he determined, on the spot, that the company needed him at their Amargosa plant. Jim McLaughlin's twelve mules and big wagon were purchased in order to get Ed Stiles.

One day when Stiles was preparing for a trip another skinner arrived with eight mules and a smaller wagon. The foreman looked from one team to the other and grew thoughtful. Then he put some questions to Ed Stiles.

Did he think he could hook up those eight mules with his twelve, put on the extra trailer and handle the whole outfit? Ed asked just one question: "What's going to happen to that other skinner?" After he was assured the other man would be taken care of, Ed went calmly about combining the two outfits.

When his load was ready, Ed straddled the nigh-wheeler. Jerking the brake-rope he glided his black-snake's long lash just over the backs of the mules. Straining forward, the muscles of the wheel horses tightened, the wagon wheels turned and, creaking and clanking, the first twenty-mule team took off across the desert.

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BASQUE BUCKAROOS Continued from page 9

tiously. But the acolyte Fermin and the rowdy Texan knew nothing of the intricacies of getting around the bog. They pressed the leaders squarely into the center of it. With sinister, sucking sounds the cows mired in the bottomless mud.

The Texan quickly pulled back out of it, but poor Fermin saw only that his precious cows were in trouble. Brave with the reckless courage of total ignorance, he plunged forward to save them. In an instant he and his trusty buckskin were stuck worse than the cows.

Awestruck, I watched the plunging, struggling animals, heard Fermin's plaintive cries for help and wondered how we would ever extricate them. But Buckaroo Joe wasted no time in idle speculation. Taking down his rope, he spurred his big pinto ahead. A deep gully separated him from the point of vantage he wished to reach and from which he hoped to rope and pull out a Whitaker cow. Philip had already thrown a rope to Fermin and was hauling him hand over hand to safety.

Fearlessly Buckaroo Joe headed the pinto at the gully. Equally fearless, the pinto leaped into the empty air. His forefeet touched the far bank and slipped on the greasy surface. Inexorably he fell back into the ravine and disappeared from sight.

Black Pete and I craned from the top of the bank. Far below we could make out the prostrate pinto, belly up. Of Buckaroo Joe there was no sign.

"How can we get Joe out?" I asked Black Pete.

"Why try?" retorted Pete logically. "He must be dead. We push in the bank and bury him here."

"The horse too?"

After an instant's reflection, "We bury the horse with him," decided Pete.

But the pinto had no intention of being buried. With a mighty effort he heaved himself upright and floundered out of his proposed grave. From beneath him popped Buckaroo Joe. Blood streamed from his nose and one finger was bent at an extraordinary angle.

Stolidly Black Pete watched Joe clamber up the bank. Not until Joe stood beside him did he say off-hand, "I thought you were dead."

Joe shook his head and blood sprayed in all directions. "I heard you!" he amiably accused us. "You don't bury me today, Pete!—at least, not in this ditch! Catch me my horse."

"Don't try to get on, Joe," I protested. "I'll ride to the ranch and bring the jeep. You have had a terrible fall. Your nose—your finger—maybe other injuries—"

"I'll be all right," said Joe, tugging at his dislocated finger. And when Black Pete led up his pinto, he crawled into the saddle and sat mopping blood off his face with a bandana. The mired cows had all managed to struggle through the bog to safety. Shaken, caked with mud, we resumed the slow climb up the mountain.

It was lovely in the high canyon. All shades of gold were in the groves of quaking asps. Once again Pete burst into his melodious whistling and Buckaroo Joe, bloody but unbowed, joined him. The Texan yelled and cursed as he forced stragglers to keep up with the bunch, but the rest of us rode peacefully, letting the cows set their own pace up the steep trail. At last we reached the summit, the last cow and calf went over the top and began the long descent into Iowa Canyon which would lead them to Reese River Valley. It was time for me to turn back.

From the head of the pass, with my horse standing quietly and my dogs lying at his feet, I watched the Reese River riders start downward.

At that moment the long-suffering roman-nosed sorrel the Texan was riding bogged his head between his knees, let loose a bellow and lit off down the mountain in a crescendo of spine cracking bucks. The Texan's head collided with the sorrel's. His nose flattened on his face. Once more the air was crimson with droplets of bright blood.

Thud! The Texan hit the ground.

Still bucking, the sorrel caromed into the other horses and they began to buck too. Old Philip's roan sunfished down the slope, and the rusty black pulled loose and went crow hopping off in the opposite direction. Fermin's buckskin bolted. The pack horses scattered to the four winds, taking the cows with them.

With cries of fury, Black Pete rounded on plunging horses and stampeding cows. My eyes met Buckaroo Joe's, and simultaneously we began to laugh. Joe's nose was swollen big as a potato, but he could still laugh. Together, we laughed and laughed. And then I turned regretfully away and, followed by my dogs, headed down the empty canyon.

The Basque buckaroos are gone from Grass Valley. Philip has retired. Buckaroo Joe has moved away. Fermin has gone back to the sheep. Black Pete is dead. Only the memory of their shouting and their music, their bloodshed and their fury and their tremendous laughter lingers, like a smile on the face of the old mountain.

While you're in Northern Nevada, see more of it! Explore scenic mountains and valleys around Reno and Lake Tahoe. Visit colorful Virginia City; absorb Carson City's historic charm . . . leisurely, in comfort. Extend your trip through the "land of contrasts" the ease-y Avis way . . .

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THE PROFESSIONALS Continued from page 15

During the filming operation, new problems came up every day for the studio executives as well as hotel personnel. Over 200 people, including stars, executives, wranglers, writers and technicians had to be transported to and from the set. Hundreds of meals had to be served daily. Rushes, the film shot every day, had to be processed and viewed each evening. But every problem was met and shooting, in fact, was finished ahead of schedule. The stars proved to be entertaining to anyone who chanced to see them off the set. Most talked-of incident, perhaps, was an impromptu downtown archery exhibition staged by several cast members.

Today, as *The Professionals* plays to hundreds of audiences, new crews from Hollywood are using the spectacular and unusual scenery in and around Las Vegas for many of the scenes that will be seen in tomorrow's westerns. Portions of Martin Ritt's 20th Century-Fox production of *Hombre* starring Paul Newman, Frederick March and Richard Boone were shot here, for instance, soon after Columbia's film was completed.

But even now, as these film operations are becoming routine, there are many who remember *The Professionals* as great excitement. They are eager for more.


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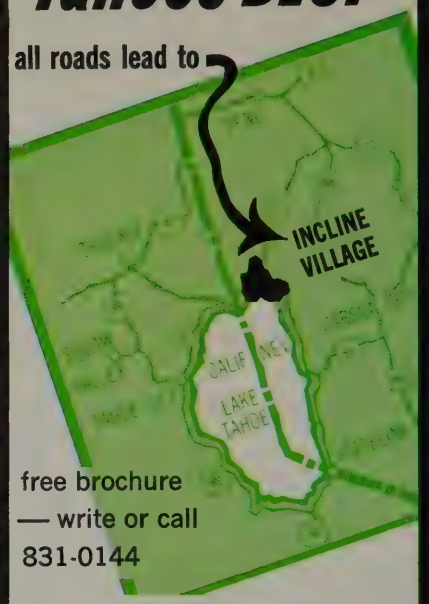


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## about the CONTRIBUTORS

MOLLY MAGEE, as she notes in her story, "A Day on the Mountains with the Basque Buckaroos," knew the Pyranees as a child and was delighted, therefore, to find Basques here after she moved to Nevada. Mrs. Magee is vice chairman of the University of Nevada's Board of Regents. CRAIG SHEPPARD who drew the lively illustrations for Mrs. Magee's story is head of the art department at the University and a recognized professional artist. His most recent show was in Washington, D. C. DON PAYNE who writes about "The Professionals" on page 10 is a talented writer on the staff of the Las Vegas News Bureau. To OLGA REIFSCHNEIDER go congratulations for her discovery of the Anderson letters described on page 19. Mrs. Reifschneider is the author of several articles and a book recently published by the University of Nevada press on Nevada botanists. MRS. LILLIAN N. NINNIS wrote a memorable story about early Tonopah several issue ago and now she's back again, on page 24, with an informative account of borax operations in Death Valley. VIRGINIA AND WILLIAM CARTER of Reno are fond of weekend jaunts and picture taking, activities which resulted in their travel article on page 56. DON HOLT, freelance photographer from Davis, California, took the photos of Berlin seen on page 42. DAVID MUENCH who provided several views of Death Valley for this issue, will return in December in a special article featuring his outstanding scenic photos of Nevada. Thanks, finally, to the Nevada Historical Society for the several old photos used in the Anderson article and the loan of the J. Ross Browne drawings.

**PHOTO CREDITS**

*Professionals:* Columbia Picture Corp. —pages 10, 11 and lower right, page 13. Las Vegas News Bureau — page 12-13. Highway Department—page 14. *Dr. Anderson:* Nevada State Historical Society—photos taken in early Carson City, pages 17 and 21; also for the loan of the J. Ross Browne drawings used throughout the story. Portrait of Anderson, his letter and insignia, courtesy the author. *Cottonball For Rosie:* David Muench—Death Valley photos on pages 28, 29, 30-31 and 32. Highway Department—pages 26, 27, 33 and 40 top. U.S. Borax and Chemical Company, pages 40, 41 and 35-38. Borax sample shown on page 26 loaned by H. D. Budleman, E.M., of Tonopah. *Berlin:* Photos by Don Holt. *Tour of the Month:* Photos by Virginia and William Carter.




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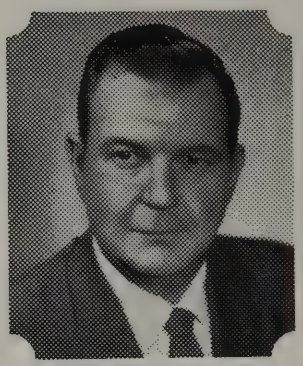

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DR. ANDERSON Continued from page 47

Virginia City and Reese River.

**APRIL 2** — This eve Thurs. after getting my patients comfortable, I made a little excursion in the vicinity of town and collected quite a number of species flowers, even among the sagebrush and alkali.

I will press a few and send you. I may strike something rich, in the meantime everybody seems to be coming here, and there is a great mining furor. I can get all the mining claims I want, but I am particular and will be bothered with none unless it promises to turn out well.

Tjader and I have the practice pretty much our own way, but it is very healthy this spring.

It is true the excitement is intense and increasing now. The road from California is crowded with gold seekers. But this not because people of California are dissatisfied with their country. The mining stories have excited in their minds dreams of the good old days of '49 and they are after the glittering stuff. Whilst there is much reality here, there is also more delusions or humbug. Most of the claims are gotten up purposely for speculations having no basis of value.

**JUNE 3, 1863** —Well since my last I have been well and reasonably prosperous. I have now about made up my mind for us to settle down here at least for a period until we can see a better place to go and some money to go with.

Yesterday I returned from a long ride away up to Hope Valley nearly 50 miles from Carson. Mr. Gallagher (postmaster) went with me. This valley is about 3000 feet above Carson and we found plenty of snow up there. Our business was to examine a mine of copper.

My friends are all anxious to see my little wife. I have no doubt you will be quite a curiosity when you arrive, I shall have a tub ready to put you in to bleach so you will be white and nice. But you need not be afraid even sunburned. The renewed vigor of health will compensate.

J. Starr King will probably be here in a few days to lecture and preach to help finish our church building. The swarms of visitors to this country continues unabated, many come with their families to remain. Most of them are from California.

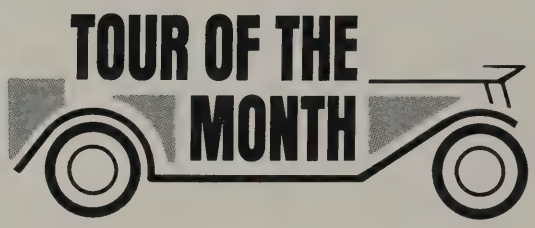
**JUNE 20, 1863** —I am very well and have been quite busy for 20 days past. Yesterday I made another ride up the Valley to see a patient 35 miles up and back.

Patient is improving belongs to the Pioneer Stage Co. The days are all alike clear and dry, hot at noon, cool at night. Snow on the mountain tops is fast growing less. There is more sickness now than usual, some fevers. I have an emigrant from Missouri sick with typhoid fever. Now that I think of it I hope you will get some Citric Acid in crystals at Salt Lake to use in the water as you travel. There is more liability of sickness from Salt Lake to Carson than the other part of the route. The dust alkali and hot days are the main cause.

I want you to be sure and telegraph me from Reese River of your arrival there. Jacobsville is the place where the telegraph office is. Also when you reach Dayton telegraph me of your arrival there.

Never mind the wind and the sun and the color of the skin. I only am desirous that your health should be good and improved. Times and business is pretty good here now. It is surprising to see the enormous numbers of arrivals in the Territory.

A further word about Dr. Anderson, this man of many interests — He was born in Virginia, raised on a farm in Indiana, chose teaching as his first profession but switched to medicine after he worked his way through medical school, earning his degree from Indiana's Asbury University in 1852. He then moved to Minneapolis, becoming the first superintendent of schools in Hennepin County. There he met Merial Howe whom he married in 1854. The couple had four children — two daughters born in Minnesota, one daughter born in Carson City, and a son born in California in 1867. A close friend of Dr. Anderson's in Minneapolis was John Wesley North who was named Surveyor General of the Nevada Territory by President Lincoln in 1861. A man of tremendous ability, John North founded Washoe City, then went on to build schools, railroads, mills and to lay out other cities. His is another story entirely, of course, but it is pertinent to mention that Dr. Anderson came to Nevada at the urging of his old friend, John North. The family remained in Carson City until 1867 when they moved to Santa Cruz, California — to the gentler climate that Dr. Anderson had been seeking all along.




## TO THE RIM OF THE BLACK ROCK DESERT

*"It broke on our eyes like an ocean," Captain John Fremont said of Pyramid Lake when he discovered it in 1844. The lake, hauntingly beautiful in its desert setting, is as much of a surprise to the visitor today as it was to the explorer. Opposite, odd rock formations such as this one are conspicuous at Pyramid and the country to the north.*

The drive from Reno north to the rim of the sprawling Black Rock Desert is full of scenery and surprises. To get there drive 30 miles east from Reno to Wadsworth, today a very small community but once a major division point on the Central Pacific Railroad.

From Wadsworth continue north to the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation and its trading center at Nixon. A quiet neighborhood today, this was the scene, in 1860, of the bloodiest Indian wars in Nevada's history.

About 25 miles north of Nixon, between the highway and the dazzling white basin called Winnemucca Dry Lake, are found a group of perfectly shaped white rock mounds—calcareous tufa, formed by ancient lake waters hundreds of years ago. On the opposite side of the road are rocky hillsides containing caves inhabited by prehistoric man centuries ago.

Empire, 45 miles north of Nixon, is a pleasant little town operated by the U.S. Gypsum Company. Six miles farther is Gerlach, a railroad town with a distinctly Old West flavor. A mile north of town are the Great Boiling Springs discovered by Fremont, comfortably right for swimming all year, and well worth a visit. Leading the opposite direction out of Gerlach is a dirt road that goes an adventurous 18 miles to the Fly Ranch Geyser, a geological oddity on private land but clearly visible from the road. The geyser provides a satisfying Sunday destination and there's a bonus. Enroute to the geyser the road skirts the edge of the Black Rock Desert, endless lonely country that, to the venturesome, invites further exploration on another weekend.

*Story and Photos by Virginia and William Carter*

*Winnemucca Dry Lake*

## TOUR OF THE MONTH

*Nothing else like it anywhere, that's for sure! The Fly Ranch Geyser is not a true geyser, however, since it flows constantly. It started as a drilled well in 1916, building gradually up into a perpendicular column formed by the flow of heavily mineralized artesian waters. Weird and colorful, it is now 20 feet high and still growing.*

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# NEVADA NOTEBOOK

THE OLDEST MULE IN THE WORLD? Just could be the oldest living mule is right here in Nevada. Running wild on the desert near Caliente is a venerable great great grandfather of a mule, a shaggy white animal the people in Lincoln County have heard about for decades. His proper name is Old Whitey but more commonly they refer to him simply as the UP mule, for he worked as a pack mule in 1915 when the Union Pacific was putting down tracks near Caliente. That would make him at least 50 years old and he is probably even older — 55 is the latest and best estimate. Recently, under the direction of the National Mustang Association, an organization which encourages the preservation and control of the wild horse in the West, Old Whitey was captured and put to the test. The UP brand he wears was no longer visible, but it could still be traced by a finger tip inspection. His teeth told the story — they indicated that Old Whitey would be 150 years old by human standards.

THE BUREAU OF OUTDOOR RECREATION has a good thing going, a seven-dollar permit that will allow a car and its passengers into any of the some 7,000 Federal recreation areas around the country. Printed in gold letters, the permit has been nicknamed the Golden Passport—and aptly so, for it lets you and your family into all national parks in addition to recreation spots administered by the Forest Service, BLM, Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife and several other agencies. Valid for a year, the Golden Passport is a sound vacation bargain. It's also an investment in the future because proceeds from the sale of the permits go directly into the Land and Water Conservation Fund in the Department of the Interior, to be used for developing new and better recreation areas. It's on sale at entrance gates at most Federal recreation areas.

AN IMPORTANT ANNIVERSARY is noted in special editions published by the Boulder City *News* and Henderson *Home News* a few weeks back — the hundredth birthday of Nevada's southern tip. The large triangle below the 37th parallel (the line that runs east-west just above Beatty) belonged to Arizona Territory prior to 1866. On May 9 of that year, Congress transferred the section to the newly formed State of Nevada, and the state took on its present dimensions. Had Congress not had the foresight to pass this legislation people would have to go all the way to Arizona today to visit Lake Mead, Las Vegas and all those other delightful vacation spots that have become Nevada institutions.

HAPPY ENDING to the Will James story — Two issues back we published a story about Will James, the famous cowboy-artist who began his career in Nevada. The story turned out to be of great interest to a great many people judging by the mail we received and led to an important discovery — the fact that one of James' paintings was still in Nevada. Owned by James' widow, Mrs. Alice James Ross who lives at Lake Tahoe, the painting depicts a cowboy on horseback in the high mountain country above Washoe Valley. After she saw the article, Mrs. Ross determined that the painting should go to the state and offered it to the Governor. The First National Bank heard about the project, lent its support and the result is that today the painting is hanging in the Capitol in Carson City, property of the people of Nevada. Executed in oil in oranges, reds and other bold colors, the painting was completed in 1921. It has historic significance, therefore, as one of Will James' very first works.


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